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Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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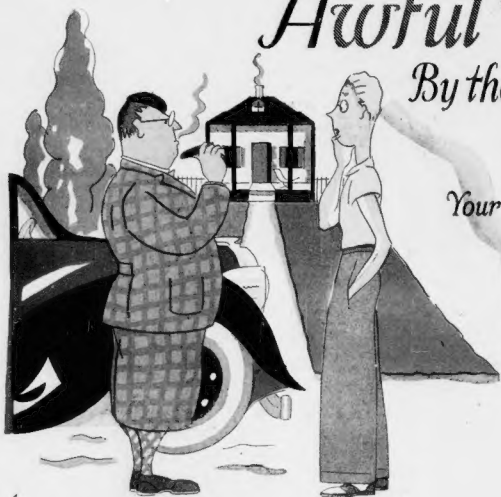
Sunday, Feb. 27, 1938

Awful Week-ends

By the Brilliant Satirist

FISH

Your In-Laws Come to Stay



1-
Father-in-Law:—Say, Is This the Best Layout You Can Provide for My Little Girlie?



2-
Mamma-in-Law:—Dearie, I Do Hate to See You Doing All Your Own Chores After All the Money Dad Spent on Your Education



3-
Why Didn't You Take That English Duke Who Proposed to You in the Alps? Or



4-
That Italian Count Who Was Crazy About You in Venice?



5-
I'm Sure Your Dad Would Stand for a Divorce and You Can Get a Bit of Real Rich Romance Into Your Life



6- Daughter:—Thank You, Mamma, I Fell in Love When I Was Four With My Boy Friend—and That Romance Is Still Swell



FISH

Died To Prove His Invention Is A Success

EVERYBODY in the village knew Joep Majner, the locksmith. His business was poor, for in a small Jugoslavian community there isn't much for a locksmith to do—a lock is something that can be dispensed with because everybody knows everybody else and thieves are rare. Those ambitious in law-breaking go to the city where the pickings are better and the people are not too poor. These farmers were glad to share what they had, but they didn't have much. So, to pass away the time, Majner began work on an idea he had for years—a self-shooting rifle.

He couldn't afford to buy parts and so he had to build the gadget himself. The villagers knew about his project and would ask him about it now and then—how was it turning out? He would beam and say it wouldn't take much longer. The first few models didn't work at all, but after seven years he recently found the solution and as a result was able to produce a bulky but fool-proof rifle that could be pressed by a button and would fire bullets at any interval desired. Ten bullets could be shot in rapid succession or with as much as fifteen minutes between each one. A watch mechanism gave it this time-sense.

Majner was fired with enthusiasm; at last his great dream had come true. Now he would no longer have to scrape and save to get along. But how could he market it? In the village there was nobody with wealth or influence to take an interest in his weapon. He wrote to the nearby city of Petrograd, for that was the place to sell his idea, according to his friends. But his letters received discouraging replies. Then a friend told him that the thing he was to do was to go in person, at least to meet the people and meet the right people whose influence could sell the rifle.

"It's the front you put up that impresses people," Majner was told, "and besides, contacts are important—you can't sell anything if you are an outsider."

The locksmith was impressed with this argument, except that he had no money. But when his friend offered to take over his shop and home, Majner jumped at the chance. He sold at a loss, in the belief that he soon would be rolling in wealth. He determined to burn his bridges



Majner Strapped His Rifle to a Table and Set It to Shoot After 15 Minutes. He Wrote Rapidly, for He Didn't Have Much Time. Then Death Struck and the Locksmith Inventor Stumped Over His Tragic Farewell Note.

behind him, and so, having liquidated the work of a lifetime, he went to Petrograd in style. All his friends saw him off.

He had only a few clothes and his precious rifle when he registered at a hotel he had been told was patronized by important business men. Yet, because he had already decided to "shoot the works" for the sake of his repeating rifle, he soon had an excellent wardrobe but little cash.

The room he took cost what was to him an unheard-of price. He tried to mix with the right people, but was snubbed everywhere. Apparently all he was good for was to pay bills. As the days passed, old Majner began to worry. Still he was confident his hopes and earnings. Nobody was interested in his invention—all the concerns turned down his project. Not only would nobody take it under consideration, they wouldn't even let him demonstrate its efficiency.

By now he was thoroughly frightened. His life was spent, he couldn't start all over again. And he didn't dare go back to be the laughing-stock of his village. He had gone away important; he could not return a failure.

The work of a lifetime gone, and there was his dream come true, except that nobody would look at it. They all said it wouldn't work, that it was a ridiculous idea.

He brought out his wonderful rifle again as he had done so often before—they said it wouldn't work. He went over it step by step, examining it, reassured of what he never doubted, that it was perfect—infallible. He loved the gun, he would give anything to prove it to the world. He had given his life for it, he had given his hopes and earnings. What else was there to give?

His life. Already Majner's mind was busy with the idea. He had nothing to go back to. He would prove his invention with his life. He would let the self-shooting rifle use him as a target.

Majner strapped his rifle to the table and set it to shoot after 15 minutes. Then he pulled down the chair and table to where the barrel pointed straight at him. He sat down and began to write, for he didn't have much time. Those who found him, he wrote, could see for themselves that this was an ordinary outside rifle. The condition of his body would be grim evidence of the efficiency of the invention nobody except himself believed in. In that chair he sat, writing, and waiting for death to strike. The minutes ticked by, and then, ping!

He wrote that he was hit in the right arm; that he was now firing with his left hand—then followed a blank and a few sprays of blood as his last signature. Relentlessly the robot killed his ten rounds. Seven of them struck Majner as he sat upright in his self-devised death chair, head thrown back. Then he slumped forward over the note he wrote.

When the police arrived, they at first ruled out a suicide theory because after one wound no man could have fired those other six shots into himself. But examination of the gun and the farewell note explained the grim situation.

Now, it is said, inquiries are being made about a patent for the "robot rifle." The ones most interested are those who turned Majner away when he was alive. His last "sales talk" clicked—but it cost him his life to deliver it.

Force His Wife To Bear The Child Of A Stranger

BUDAPEST.
STVAN KOHARY made his bed and now, the law says, he must lie in it. He tried to be modern and practical—Buda's business proved too strong for him—he came to hate the child he told his wife to have without him, and left them both in the lurch. Yet in an astonishing court trial in this city it was recently decided that he would have to support his wife, even though he is not the father of their child.

"We were married at the beginning of 1938," according to Mrs. Kohary in her defense against her husband, who asked for a divorce on the grounds of infidelity. "Our marriage was preceded by a long and warm friendship which lasted nearly a decade. When we married, our union was one of complete harmony and happiness. We never quarreled and we lived for each other."

Then came trouble. It seemed that Mr. Kohary wanted an heir to his name more than anything in the world. With time it became evident that there would be no child.

The couple consulted a doctor, who told them that it was impossible for Kohary to be a father.

"Last year," Mrs. Kohary went on, "Mr. Kohary asked me to go to Paris, where prior to my marriage I studied medicine for four years. He said I might continue my studies there, and he would also take a much-needed rest, for I was a nervous wreck. Following my husband's instructions I went to Paris and stopped at a smart boarding-house where he booked rooms for me. A letter from my husband was waiting for me there.

I read it, and only then did I understand why he wanted me to go to Paris. Here is the letter which I place at the disposal of the Court, in order that they may have a clear view of the matter."

The letter was handed to the judge and he read it with amazement. Then he read part of it aloud.

"I know," the letter ran, "that we both suffer because of our childlessness. I have been watching you for months and have seen how restless you were. It hurt you that we could not have a child. I know that this was my fault, and the doctor's diagnosis was no news to me. But I lacked the courage to confess it to you."

"I wanted you to reveal Paris, not just for a rest as you thought, but for a definite purpose. I beg you to come home soon, but do not come home alone. If you know you are going to have a baby and your feelings for me have not altered, come back to your home, where your loving husband will embrace you both."

In the silence of the court after that surprising evidence Mrs. Kohary continued with her own part of the story. "I did not know what to feel, anger or sympathy. I realized that this sacrifice on his part perhaps hurt him more than he thought it would hurt me."

She went on to say that he should think I would consent to anything like that. I was determined to go back to him the following morning.

But when she returned, roomed a strange man, and I was soon to realize that he knew who I was and why I was there. That night with a pass key he made his way into my room through a door going from his room to mine. One night in the middle of the night, and I never got

the child.

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across for fear that I should be publicly disgraced.

"I hated my husband in that moment. But later, in the light of day, it seemed like some incredible dream, something better to dismiss than to remember. The slightest word came to my husband's house in Budapest. I never saw the stranger again. At first, after my return, my husband was kind, patient and generous to a fault."

"But from the moment that the happiness of motherhood came to me, and when I was more inclined than ever before to let bygones be bygones, his attitude toward me changed completely. He became suspicious and unkind. The slightest cry of illness of the baby was enough to drive him away for the night or longer. He refused even to look at my child which I had borne more for his sake than my own."

"Life became almost unbearable, yet he was the one who walked out on me, declaring that he would never support me or the baby."

"I had suffered in silence and continued to be pleasant and kind to him in spite of his changed behavior. But now he has left me, and the father and the baby he wished on me, without money to live on. His life is a large one, and I demand \$100 a month in maintenance."

"My husband says the baby is not his and he is right. But I want to repeat to the Court that it was his idea. I only followed his instructions and I do not see why he has any right to mistreat me for that."

The Court, like Solomon, found the problem of the baby in the case a tricky one. Here was a man whose wish was literally the law.

"The only thing that comes into consideration is that the husband received and accepted his wife on her return from Paris and continued to live with her."

"Having forgiven her and received her in his house, he thereby gave her the right to claim maintenance when he later changed his mind and deserted her. The wife has a claim to maintenance, not because the adultery she committed was incited by her husband, but because she was forgiven by him."

"If the husband were to claim that the child should be pronounced illegitimate, however, it would be unfair, for whether the wife had been justified in being unfaithful. But in the case now before the Court the husband's forgiveness was a sufficient reason to determine his obligation to maintain maintenance."

The Court, however, ruled that the husband should be ordered to pay maintenance to his wife.

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LOVD FUSEY, red-morning hillbilly gambler, always had what folks down his way called a "churchy front." But in the Blue Ridge Mountain country of the South where he grew up, he was known to use that front for what it got him. Like an acrobat he was most pious trying to cash a rubber check.

Being at heart a restless man, Fusey started to travel, working as a farm hand when he had to, and going back to saloons as quickly as he could. He ended up in the saloons of Oakland, New Jersey, and there soon came to be known to the police as a man who was ready to lose the shirt off his back on a roll of the dice or the turn of a card. When he was broke, he paid for his beer by rendering songs that made the drunks blubber at the bar.

His fine bass voice, rich and melodious, kept him going at such times. He had a quality that touched men's hearts and made them think of their mothers and wives in a way that went well with more drinks. But soon he got the yen to travel again, and more than three years ago he left town to go West, as he'd always heard a young man should.

Landing in Los Angeles, he again took up stinging in bars. It was while he was sobbing a ballad in that fine bass voice of his one day that his future wife heard him. He was trying to raise enough to stake him for a game that night, but preaching outside was the woman evangelist.

She denounced the sins of the flesh, but his wife was tough competition for her. As fast as she got an audience together, his singing drew them into the place she warned them against. It made her feel like a circus barker drumming up trade for the season, rather than a spokesman for the Lord. But the one-headed evangelist was first of all a practical woman. She thought to herself, if only she had a voice like that to sing what she preached, she could get better results in her campaign against sin.

So she got introduced to the golden-voiced gambler, and out of that fantastic meeting came romance. Nobody knows just how it happened, but Fusey began to listen to the woman's eloquence, and more than that he began to read the Bible she gave him. First thing he knew, he had religion and had it bad. But the woman wasn't satisfied with re-

forming him. She married him. They dedicated their lives to religion, but business in Los Angeles was bad. Faced by hard times, they had their choice, either to live on their small savings, or to buy a car and strike out across the continent back to New Jersey.

They decided to make a gamble of it and burn their bridges behind them. Fusey bought a car and a car stereo, and together they took to the road to preach the Gospel. Fusey sang and Mrs. Fusey preached. Now and then, when she had a sore throat, he took her place. They journeyed from town to town, always in the direction of Oakland, and got a local preacher, wherever they could do so, to let them use his church. In the borrowed churches they held revival meetings but seldom stayed very long.

It was a pleasant honeymoon, preaching through the country that way. Then, one lovely night on the desert, when the stars seemed almost to touch the spiky arms of the cactus plants, Mrs. Fusey became sentimental and rambly reminiscent. She began to talk about her past. After all, her husband was no plaster saint and she saw no sense in keeping a secret.

Fusey was singing some hymn or other in that bass voice of his, when his bride interrupted him.

"You know," she said with admiration, "you're the nicest husband I ever had, and I've had four of 'em." There on the Mojave desert in Arizona, the happy honeymoon blew up.

Fusey thought it was a dirty trick, her preaching religion to him after having gallivanted around that way. "She oughta told me she was married before," he told police later. "It got me sore, her not telling me until after the wedding."

He began preaching at her about her own salvation and how she was a sinner, until Mrs. Fusey was sick and tired of it. She didn't mind dishing out sermons but it seems she couldn't take them. Mrs. Fusey would read to her out of the Bible and argue from the minute they left a town until the minute they reached the next. "We just argued and argued all across the country," he said.

Then, the other day, according to the gambling singer, "she said she wasn't going to be a wife to me anymore. That's what she said to me." Well, he just picked up a mason's hammer that he'd found here in Arizona, and started in hitting. He struck her six times with that hammer, if he remembers rightly.

"I don't know how many times I hit her after that," he said.

Then the "reformed" man drove to a Linden, New Jersey, gasoline station and asked the attendant where he could get a doctor. The attendant, Clifford Alet, gave him the address of a medical man in the neighborhood. Fusey was going to the telephone, when groans were heard coming from the car. The woman was lying on the floor.

He ran to the car and drove away. The attendant telephoned the police who began to search the town for the killer. They found him a mile away, on a side street, where he apparently was trying to decide what to do. Stumped on the seat beside him was his wife—dead.

Her red hair was dyed on the fringes with an even deeper red. The woman was coming to life.

"All right," said Fusey, "I killed her."

But he insisted on being allowed to take along his blood-soaked copy of the Bible to read in jail.

Inside the Bar Fusey Was Singing a Ballad in That Fine, Rich Voice of His—And, Outside, the Woman Who Was to Become His Wife Was Denouncing the Sins of the Flesh, Especially the Habit of Drinking.

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In the Middle of the Night, a Strange Man Let Himself Into Mrs. Kohary's Room With a Pass Key. She Did Not Scram Because She Was Afraid That She Would Be Publicly Disgraced if Anyone Found Her in This Embarrassing Situation.

Science Makes A Real "Thinking Cap"

A "A Tale of Two Cities," Charles Dickens portrayed a clerk who did a great deal of mental work. This hiring, in order to keep on thinking and calculating, wrapped his head up in towels filled with chunks of ice. To be sure, he made a funny spectacle; but the main trouble was that the apparatus wasn't efficient.

It was given him an uncomfortable and apt to give one a cold in the head that would prevent all thoughts but those of misery.

Now science has a real "thinking cap" that makes it the most difficult problems without the fatigue that usually comes with hard thinking. To be sure, the new scientific contraption doesn't look like what one would expect, in fact, it resembles the home-made equipment of the "thinking cap" of the past. It looks something like a towel rigging rolled up tightly and tied over the mouth. In short, it's more of a mask than a cap.

The "thinking cap" is made of a material that is air-tight for the invention delivers air to the thinker, and the air is 50 per cent oxygen.

The fantastic invention was reported recently by Dr. Angelo G. Billie before the American Psychological Association. It is still in an experimental stage and has not been commercialized. But so efficient has it proven itself that perhaps before long the thinking aid will be available at the corner drug store, and be adopted in many an office.

Working for several years on the theory that the brain "gets tired" because it runs short of oxygen, Dr. Billie hit upon the idea of feeding the brain extra oxygen.

The blood which has had its supply of oxygen exhausted welcomes this extra shipment of what the brain is yelling for. It swiftly provides the brain with the valuable essence, and so the wheels of thought can get into more ideas.

In this way high pressure brain work is possible for longer periods of time. The number of pauses or mental rests is reduced. They are an unnecessary waste of time in doing brain work is cut in half. These rest periods of the brain are thus solved by a special "breath of fresh air."

It was found, curiously enough, that while the exhausted

person is able to renew thinking with the help of the oxygen "thinking cap," it doesn't help the wide-awake person at all. In other words, a man at his peak of efficiency can't be improved by means of the mask. He can't become a super-man. But when he is at a low ebb, the device refreshes him and makes him feel better and think straighter.

According to Dr. Billie, the mask is useful for a great deal of mental practice without the invention by breathing more often and more deeply. That is something which everybody knows from school days when there were "deep breathing" exercises, but which nearly everybody keeps forgetting.

Another trouble, according to the scientist, is that those who do the most thinking don't exercise much, and work indoors. This results in their breathing abnormally little oxygen, and this in turn makes them feel tired and listless. Shallow "half-breathing" is thus the worst thing for deep thinking. But once fatigue is well advanced, special periods of oxygen can best revive a person, and that's where the new "thinking cap" comes in.

Of course, the legendary idea of putting on a "thinking cap" to concentrate brings up the fact that most persons can't, if they try, do more thinking than they usually go in for. Brain fatigue may be like muscle fatigue among those who haven't much exercise—a sign that the brain isn't used much.

Actually, weariness of the mind may indicate that more and more thinking is called for—not too much at first, but always a little more, until the mentality is running on all cylinders. In other words, the more one thinks, the more the mental output to surprising degrees. There are those, in fact, who say that such is the only correct way to encourage thinking—that while aids to thought like the oxygen-fed mask of Dr. Billie are interesting, they're not real substitutes for experiment and research and should not be adopted for general use. Like other stimulants, such inventions might be no more than a crutch. They are an interesting, but a substitute for real self-inspired thinking. As the Quakers put it, "Trust only in what is really part of thee, do not lean upon adventitious aids."

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Clendenin Ryan's Titled "Gold Digger" Hits the Net

Her Reported Engagement to Prince Esterhazy, Richest and Proudest Bachelor of Hungary, Reveals How Much Countess Marie Anne Has Learned Since She Roped in Old Thomas Fortune Ryan's Grandson



On Her Honeymoon With Young Mr. Ryan, the Countess Always Insisted Upon Two Bedrooms. If She Marries Prince Esterhazy and Lives in Kimmarton Castle, the Family Roost of the Prince, She Will Have Several Hundred Bedrooms to Choose From.

"An' I learned about men from 'im!" —Slight Variation on "The Ladies." By Rudyard Kipling.

MR. CLENDENIN J. RYAN, JR.'s former wife, the young Countess Marie Anne von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, whose knowledge of masculine nature certainly seems to be increasing by leaps and bounds, getting more profitable with every jump, might very well twist around Kipling's famous line and say of each disenchanted suitor or husband:

"An' I learned about men from 'im!" To paraphrase Kipling again, she might add that what she learned from the Argentinians and the Americans has helped her a lot with the boys back at home—for she's undoubtedly doing better and better. As she goes skipping along in her merry little game of matrimonial leap-frog.

In fact, she now knows so much she has just been able to announce, right on the heels of her latest divorce (from Count Paul Palffy von Erdod), that her next hop in the altar will be with one of the richest and most desirable bachelors in all Europe—the very wealthy and exceedingly noble Count Thomas Esterhazy, who is also a kind of prince.

At the time of the annulment of her "dissolute" marriage to young Mr. Ryan—grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, the traction magnate, who was no far from glibly that he managed to accumulate a late \$150,000,000—the sprightly Countess was labelled "International Gold-Digger No. 1."

Yet Marie Anne is certainly not the most beautiful woman in the world, nor the cleverest. Even so, she seems to have a certain charm that put many women possess, and she must know how to use it. At any rate, her remarkable flair for accumulating romance has made it possible for her to bounce in and out of three lucrative engagements and then in and out of two even more lucrative marriages, in a few short years.

And now, if she marries Prince Tommie, that will just about put her at the top, with scarcely a higher place to jump to. So, no doubt, she will then either have to stay put or come down a peg, unless she takes a flying leap at a Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern, whose regal houses are so cluttered up with ex-kings, ex-queens and pretenders of one sort or another that every time they hold a family reunion it looks like a royal flush—a straight flush, however, not exactly a four-flush.

With Tommie as a husband, Marie Anne can feel that she is really sitting

Mitzi Hoffman, the Prince's Favorite Companion, Whom the Countess Seems to Have Erased Out of the Picture.

on top of the world, for he and his kinsfolk look down on practically everybody else on earth, including the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, when they regard as parvenus or upstarts. But that is not surprising, since the Esterhazys trace their descent directly from Queen Esther of the Old Testament on one side and Attila the Hun on the other, and right now they own a chunk of Hungary about the size of Ireland, including twenty-one county seats, sixty market towns and 440 villages.

Count Tommie's share of all of this amounts to an income of about \$600,000 a year—so it's no wonder that the noble little gold-digger finally let herself be persuaded to marry him. Just how much persuasion that took is an unsettled question, of course—but it has been reliably reported that Tommie's former favorite, the glamorous Mitzi Hoffman, a beautiful Budapest dancer, put up a noble but losing fight to keep Marie Anne from taking him away from her.

When the lovely Countess came to this country a few years ago, apparently with her heart broken, her fingers crossed and her mind made up to marry some rich American and then divorce him as soon as she could get her pretty aristocratic hands on a big wad of his vulgar money, she already knew quite a bit about men,

but nowhere near as much as she does now. Otherwise, she would have followed the advice of her worldly-wise mother, played her sly game more slowly and probably walked off with a lot more than she eventually got out of the unfortunate Mr. Ryan.

Up to the time she met Mr. Ryan her brief but interesting career merely included those three impetuous European engagements—called off on each distressing occasion by the prospective bridegrooms, who all gallantly soothed her injured pride with cash—and an unrecorded number of more or less generous suitors who are said to have died off before things got as far as an engagement.

It appears that in those days the tender heart of the Countess was easily broken—and easily mended. According to evidence introduced in Mr. Ryan's annulment suit, her first fiancé was an Argentine named N. Ferrer, who seems to have paid her a fair price to forget all about it, although the figure was not mentioned. Then, the records show, she became engaged to Baron Buxseweden, a German, who was

Countess Marie Anne von Wurmbrand-Stuppach, Who Was the "Kissless" Bride of Clendenin J. Ryan, Jr., and Who Announces She Is Soon to Reach the Top in Her Marrying Career by Prince Esterhazy.

Hoping to satisfy everyone concerned, it was charged, handsome Widimir promptly did the handsome thing, asking Marie Anne to release him from the engagement and paying her \$12,000 to do so, with the understanding that she would take as much

of this money as her mother's creditors did not take, hop across the Atlantic, quickly marry a rich American with her fingers crossed, divorce that trusting husband and return with a fortune—so she and Count Mitrowsky could receive his parents' belated blessing, get married and live happily ever afterwards, like a prince and a princess in a story book.

But did she do that? She did not. She married a trusting American, all right, after borrowing \$1,000 from him to help pay for her trousseau, and all during the marriage she kept her fingers crossed and Widimir's picture on her dresser, explaining that he was her cousin. But when she returned with only \$15,000—which was the best she could do, since she failed to heed the excellent, though cold-blooded advice in her mother's lengthy letters, among other things a repeated warning to burn those very letters as soon as she read them—she did not marry Widimir. Just why she didn't, however, was promptly marry Count Palffy, who was old enough to be her father and who informed an inquiring world that he knew what he was doing but he seems to have been mistaken about that.

From the mother's letters, it appears that Marie Anne was sent over here with instructions to marry Jimmy Donahue, a cousin of Countess Barbara Hutton von Haugeitz-Revenlow and himself an heir to some of the ten-cent-millionaires. But right after she got off the boat, she met Mr. Ryan, heard about the \$150,000,000 piled up by his grandfather and learned that already he had a tidy bit of it and would some day inherit about \$9,000,000 more from his father. So she blinked, took the bit in her teeth and bolted—straight for Clendenin. There have not yet been any illuminating disclosures to show how her romance developed with Count Esterhazy, but there is no mystery whatever about the way she wooed and won Mr. Ryan. It's all a matter of court record.

The first thing she told the impressionable Clendenin was that she was "just out of a convent," and he seems to have believed her. She did have a demure, schoolgirl look and, judging by the following description of their engagement days, taken from his testimony, she must have played that part to perfection.

"Marie impressed me as an innocent girl," he said. "She showed a maidenly reserve in kissing me. She said it wasn't nice and we should wait until we were married. She was very bashful. The amount would have been paid to that paltry \$35,000. How much the



The Countess Started Her Merry Game of Matrimonial Leap-Frog By Becoming Engaged to N. Ferrer, an Argentine, Baron Buxseweden, a German, and Widimir Mitrowsky, a Polish Count, Being Paid Handsomely to Liberate Them, She Married Mr. Ryan, Who Paid Plenty for an Annulment, Her Next Leap Made Her the Wife of Count Paul Palffy von Erdod, Whose Gift for a Divorce Was "Breath Taking," and Now She Says She Will Hop to the Altar With the Noble Prince Esterhazy, Whose Family Owns a Chunk of Hungary as Big as Ireland.

On the wedding night, he testified she had a tantrum when he came into the bedroom, so to quiet her he went out and she promptly locked the door, compelling him to sleep on a couch in the living room.

On the train going to Florida, he charged, she insisted she was sick, and in Miami she became indignant because he had only reserved a double room and demanded before the hotel manager that she get two bedrooms. It was the same way in Havana and he adds, somewhat plaintively, that all during the honeymoon she was "much less effusive than she had been before the marriage"—which hardly seems possible. But what shocked him most, he said, was when she came to him right after they returned to New York and told him with brutal frankness that she did not love him, had only married him for convenience and if he wanted love he should "get a girl for that purpose."

About that same time, the Countess took back some of her wedding presents to the jewellers for credit, which she used to buy Widimir a fine gold watch, inscribed: "I am with you every hour." Then it appears she became so impatient to see him write her mother that she was going to run over for an exciting little visit, and that certainly did get her mother excited—in fact, it made her frantic.

"I have been told it is better to treat Americans badly, as they are accustomed to this—the mother's story wrote. "But you know how dearly one pays for a life of adventure. You have, through great good luck and good sense achieved the maximum, which one did not dream of in one's fondest expectations. To endanger that would be crazy or idiotic."

"You, by being smart, without endangering your position, can have everything. To hasten such things soon would make you socially impossible, not only over there, but everywhere."

In another letter, the mother sagely remarked: "If I could only make you understand on what a volcano you are dancing, and that it is really no important now whether a man is a bore, but whether he can protect you from worry about your mother's money."

Time after time, the mother, who seems to have been worrying a good deal about her daughter's conduct with her to have a child, pointing out that this was the best way to "secure the Ryan money" for herself, but Marie Anne refused to follow the practical advice and eventually Clendenin left her.

News of this brought another excited letter from the mother, in which she said:

"Clen has put himself in the wrong by leaving you, but the question is, how can you get it? I would rather try to obtain a divorce, than to annul the marriage. I am sure the annulment will be a struggle and a whitening down those great expectations to that paltry \$35,000. How much the

(Continued on Page 31)

Living Gold in Newest Jewelry Fad

MARGIT AKNAY, one of the most beautiful and most accomplished actresses on the Hungarian stage, has started a fad which, in the short space of a few weeks, has spread to Vienna, Paris and across the Channel to London. Just because she tried out a little stunt, with no thought that anyone but herself would be interested in it, hundreds of women are following in her wake and wearing little aquariums in the laps of their tweed walking outfits and on delicate chains around their necks when they "go formal" in the evening.

As the picture of Miss Aknay shows, she merely got an inspiration from the goldfish bowl in her apartment and borrowed one of the gleaming swimmers to wear at her throat. The fish is in a small, flat bottle about two inches wide. The day after she appeared at an afternoon tea with the little vial as a decoration to her outfit, she was surprised—and a little flattered—to read in the papers that the smart women of Budapest were all excited about ornaments of "living gold."

Within a week two of the exclusive shops were offering the gadgets for sale. Some of the bottles were square, others were round. All of them sparkled with a small goldfish. The more expensive were bright with sprigs of green waterweed and tiny bits of red coral.

The fashion magazines took up the idea and allowed that Miss Aknay had launched one of the cleverest fads in years. Whole pages were filled with photographs of the diminutive aquariums of different shapes and sizes for all occasions. Some

of the vials, designed for evening wear, had jeweled designs and could be worn either at the neck as a pendant or slung from a bracelet on the wrist.

Here and there a few voices were raised against the fad because the cramped quarters in which the fish were kept came under the head of cruelty to dumb creatures. Reporters, seeing a good story, interviewed the pretty originator of the vogue on this point.

"I seldom wear my fish for more than a few hours," she said. "The rest of the time they have the freedom of an aquarium in my home, and it is one of the biggest fish bowls I have ever seen. But even in their little bottles the lively jewels do not appear to be uncomfortable. If I thought so I never would have worn the ornament in the first place."

The breeders and retailers of goldfish have written the imaginative actress many letters thanking her for starting the biggest boom their business has enjoyed in many years.



Miss Margit Aknay, One of the Popular Stars of the Hungarian Stage, Wearing One of the "Living Gold" Ornaments as a Pendant. And, Left, a Closeup of One of the New and Ingenious Pieces of Jewelry Which Really Are Miniature Aquariums.

Dumb, But a Highbrow

THE funny-looking cassowary, an Australian bird, is a living disproof that the bigger the braincase the smarter the possessor of it. That faith in skull size as a measure of intelligence doesn't always work out.

It is true that the helmet of the cassowary bulges like the cranium of some fantastic superman, but that skull-cap is filled not with "gray matter" but just spongy bone.

In short, for all his highbrow appearance, the cassowary is a bone-head, literally and any other way. He has just about enough sense to eat food and get around, but as for figuring out what makes things go, that sort of thing is altogether beyond this comic and imbecile fowl.

Curiously enough, the bird for all its stupidity does not appear to be aware of his dumb-cluck appearance. His gizzard shows what a thick-skinned bird he is, and he is so numb-skulled that he hasn't any idea that the world laughs at him. He's very serious about himself and everything he does, and regards his companion cassowaries as equals in exalted thinking.

Even strangers are often impressed by that high dome of his—it's the most unusual thing about the bird, and so they assume that it's there for something. They are wrong, however.

Like his cousin the emu, this hairy-headed bird has wings so little he can't fly with them, and the only thing he can do to defend himself is to kick out with his ungainly legs or strike with his beak. He can run rapidly, but this running is not to pursue but to flee. The cassowary lives not by killing animals or birds, but

size, but by scratching up bugs and insects and berries and fruits that have fallen to the ground. Only his thick hide keeps from him what the forest world thinks of him—and it is that hide that he's hunted for, it makes such durable rugs.

The closeup of the queer bird is one of the best "portraits" of it ever caught by the camera. The dumb highbrow was so confused by the photographer's flash bulb that he didn't run away until it was too late.

His eyes seem ready to pop out of his head and there is a look of distrust in them, and his mouth is open as if to comment on the intrusion.

The Helmeted Cassowary, a Native of Australia. In a Highbrow Among Birds, But a Comparatively Dumb Creature For All Its Bony Forehead.



Boy Pickets Home, Wins Sailboat

NOWADAYS pickets are no longer stickies in a fence but men and women who walk back and forth in front of stores asking customers to stay out. These walking fences of moral persuasion enclose many a shop and factory in their effort to win public sympathy.

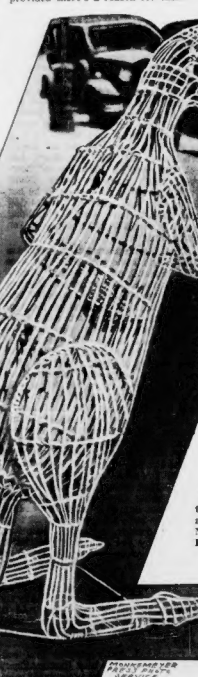
The other day a 13-year-old deaf boy got together with his sister and decided to try a bit of picketing in an attempt to settle what seemed to him a serious domestic problem.

He is Tommy Turner, of Oakbrook, Wisconsin. He wanted a sailboat more than anything in the world. He was promised one, but time went on and he never got it. At last it was admitted that he might not get one for some time to come, perhaps not at all. That was enough for Tommy. He painted himself a big sign which read:

"UNFAIR TO THEIR CHILDREN—We were promised a sailboat."

Within 24 hours he and his sister won their fight and got a settlement. Neighbors, indignant that Tommy shouldn't get what was promised him, gave the mother what she termed a "raising." Forced by public opinion, she and her husband, R. J. Turner, held a conference with the striking son and an agreement was drafted. By its terms, an uncle of Tommy's who lives in the city of Milwaukee

was going to start shopping for a likely-looking sailboat in the spring. In the light of his success, Tommy thinks that strikes aren't bad at all, provided there's a reason for them.



FIGHTING FOR BUSINESS.

This Boring Kangaroo Never Saw the Plains of Australia. It is an Advertisement for Basket Work and Wands in Front of a Shop in Paris. The Clever Caricature, Intended to Demonstrate the Remarkable Flexibility of the Material from Which It Is Fashioned, Weighs a Few Pounds.

Of All the Tricky Advertising Signs in the French Capital, This Is One of the Best Known and Has Brought the Owner of the Shop a Lot of Business.

A Sign With Real Personality

GERMANY, famous for its highway signs, has few that attract more attention than the "shingle" of Herr Schimmeck, a roly-poly butcher in the little village of Schirgswalde, in Saxony, on the River Elbe.

The jolly butcher, in his anxiety to have a sign that would be distinctive and individual, hit upon a way to get over his personality, as the photograph at the right shows.

When people in the village pass by they see the sign-post and are pleasantly reminded of Herr Schimmeck and the things he sells. It is just as if he came out in person and greeted them. Visitors to the little village remember the clever sign long after they have forgotten more important landmarks.

The sign is so outstanding that other men in the village at once engaged the carver to make likenesses of them also. The village of Schirgswalde now has other examples of the clever chieftain's amusing handwork.

Herr Schimmeck's sign has a public as well as a private function, because the legend on it tells where the bus stop is.

Another such sign, caricaturing a lawyer, points the way to the railway station.



Herr Schimmeck, the Butcher in a Little Saxony Village, Is Proud of the Sign Near His Shop, Which Is a Clever Likeness of Himself.

Posthastesle

The Year's Best Hunting Story

POLICEMAN HARRY JONES, of Morja, Illinois, is an old hand at gunning. Since he was a boy he's been going out in the woods after rabbits. He has a few tall tales to tell, as most hunters have, but none of them can compare with his experience the other day when he went after rabbits with a fellow officer.

From dawn to dusk they stalked the long-eared mammals, and they didn't even catch sight of one, although they found plenty of tracks. On the way home Jones let go at a rusty gailan can in the underbrush. When he turned the can over a rabbit fell out, warm and kicking but killed by the shot fired into it.

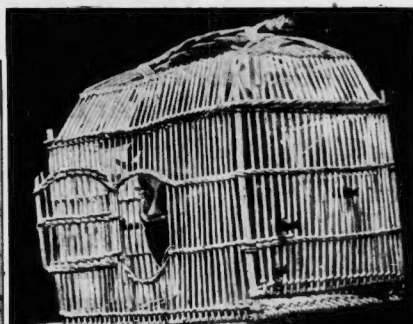


Pictures by Artists Who Never Really Wake Up

Interesting New Theory That the "Surrealist" Fantasies Are Made by Those Who Can't Tell the Difference Between Dreams and Reality, and Satisfy Their Hatreds by Punishing Their Pictures



THE MASTER OF PLEASURE—A Grotesque, Flaming Imp Rope-Walker. Science Says He Is Trying to Arouse the Artist Who Realizes That He Is Asleep.



THE SECRET SELF—This Strange Statue Symbolizes a Girl's Private Thoughts Shut Away From Her Outer Existence. But It Might as Well Be Called "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage."

BED OF ROSES BY THE SEA—A Fantastic Tableau Recently Exhibited in Paris; the Artist Tried to Wake Himself Up by Threats of Discomfort.

THE reason that the Surrealist artists make such peculiar-looking pictures is that they can't tell the difference between dreams and reality, and satisfy their hatreds by punishing their pictures.

The subconscious rules their minds, and in the pictures that they make they give free rein to their dreams and secret wishes. In brief they can't tell the difference between the vision of sleep and the reality of the waking world. That is why their pictures look all right to them but so strange to others.

The newest explanation of the fantastic Surrealist art appears in a recent issue of the dignified "British Journal of Psychology" and is the carefully worked out theory of the internationally famous Scottish scholar, W. R. D. Fairbairn.

His analysis has an interest for the public that is timely. Visitors to the art galleries of Julien Levy, at 15 East 57th St., New York City, have just been puzzling over a batch of fantastic paintings by the French Surrealist, René S. Igitte.

In Paris, the curious have been startled by what they saw in the "Halls of Horror" which make up the International Surrealist Exposition for 1938. Examples from both shows, appearing on this page, illustrate Dr. Fairbairn's scientific conclusions.

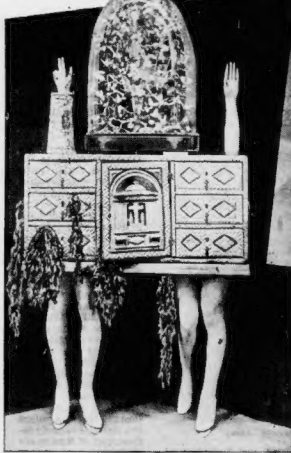
The Surrealists themselves explain that their art is that way because they draw it from their subconscious. True, says Fairbairn, the basis of all art is the subconscious, but the Surrealists are making it their goal. That is putting the cart before the horse, according to the psychologist.

It lets the dreams boss the art, instead of the other way around. In short, they have sold reality down the river. In the same way, of course, most persons accept their dreams as real while they're asleep—and some, on waking, often find it hard to shake off the feeling that it really happened. But they do know the difference.

Thus, by giving their dreams enough rope, the Surrealists have been hanging themselves and their artistic value, and not only their pictures. One of the troubles with the current vogue in painting is that its "dreams" are bad also in the sense that they are unhappy.

An especially noticeable trait, Dr. Fairbairn brings out, is the presence of cruelty, or sadism. This secret wish, he says, can be present in any artist—but a good one will suppress it. It is the instinct, apparently, to destroy that which is being painted, or to destroy the idea that is back of what is being painted.

A Surrealist will see a woman and, in painting a picture of her, will start to tear her apart. Salvador Dali, whose pictures are familiar to readers of *The American Weekly*, has at least an unusual method of "destroying" his women, according to Fairbairn. He shows a woman as a bureau with the contents falling out. It's his way of pulling a woman to pieces, and also a notable example of the



THE CABINET MONSTER—Symbol of Gossip—In Too Much Like a Dream, According to the Scientists, for a Wide-Awake World. The Tableau Is Supposed to Mean That When Girls Get Together All the Secrets in Them, as Represented by the Cabinet, Become Common Property.

way his "school" lets its dreams or wishes dominate what it has to say. As explained by Sigmund Freud, one of psychology's top authorities on the subject, dreams are the result of unconscious trends which are kept under control during wakefulness. But the Surrealists dream all the time. They do not keep their thoughts under any real control even when they seem to be awake. The "dream work," or effort to disguise wishes, is almost entirely absent. Yet the complexity of this dream work, according to the psychologist, decides an artist's quality. The more the raw dream is refined, the better the work of art. But with the Surrealist the dream is raw and bitter.

Fairbairn explains that a good artist's subconscious dresses up whatever dreams it is trying to get across, until the idealistic self, or censor, lets it pass. The worse the artist, the less trouble he takes to impress his own censor, and the less severe his censor is. As a result, it is easy for a psychologist to figure out what disgraceful thoughts some dream-artists have.

The good work of art, in other words, is a repressed fantasy so tricked up as to pass the vigilant super-ego, to use the expression of the psychologist. It is an effort to delight the

The Sleeping Urge to Punish Somebody Is Supposed to Find Its Expression in Such Pictures as This Which the Artist Who Realizes That He Is Asleep.

The greatest boast of the Surrealist is his oft-stated purpose to break down the wall of the unconscious and end the tyranny imposed by his self-censor. Dr. Fairbairn goes on, to show that this self-indulgence of the Surrealist toward his dreams brings but his cruel streak. Most people allow their unkind wishes to show up only in "sleep thinking," but the Surrealist seems to let sadism dominate even his actions.

Of course, says the new survey, the main reason for artistic creation is that the creator wants to destroy what troubles him—just as the voodoo worshippers make an image of what they want to jinx. But the Surrealist lets his art "destroy" the object without much repression. If the problem of love disturbs him, he tries to abolish it by killing the mental image of love—namely, a woman. He portrays, under slight disguises, the bodies of women being hurt or disgraced.

Some Surrealists frankly admit this cruel method of fighting their inner fires. According to Paul Nougé, one of their apostles, the method itself consists in isolating the object by breaking off its ties with the rest of the world in a more or less brutal or in a more or less insidious manner. We may cut off a hand and place it on the table, or we may paint the image of a cut-off hand on the wall. We may isolate by using a frame or by using a knife, but even more by a deformation, or a modification, in the substance of an object—a woman without a head, a hand of glass.

But such destruction brings on remorse. A man kills a woman in real life, and he is conscience-stricken. In art, having "killed" a woman in fantasy, he is forced to make it up

and close the drawers, good as new. A striking example of the desire to mutilate, which the Surrealist does not repress because he works in a dream world, is "Northern Lights," shown on this page. Like two of the other pictures, it was done by René Margritte, whose exhibition in New York again opened the controversy over Surrealism. His pictures are perfect examples of the state of dream disorder and confusion in which Surrealists perceive and paint.

"Northern Lights" reveals two women, eaten half away, like smashed porcelain figures. Their condition bares the desire of the painter to hurt the objects he paints. The essay is cruelly, however, disguised by the presence of a comorant, or vulture, to the right of the shattered bodies. The vulture is named for the destruction of the women on whom it grows. This form of phobia, which reads anything that seems to detract from personal power, has its insane forms in people who shave themselves completely hairless.

"The Master of Pleasure" means to show the dancing, flame-skirted Imp of conscience drawing the attention of the painter who is lying in bed to the fact that he ought to be painting. The old creature is hopping up and down on the imaginary line from the smoke-stack to the bedpost and is distracting the artist from his rest. Steps lead up to the picture to make the effort to get to it seem easier.

It is an interesting proof that the Surrealist cannot look at anything without having his dreams interfere. He can think only in terms of the emotions and quarrels that seethe unrestrained within him. They get in the way of everything and fill his mind. After awhile, to such a person, nothing seems real.

THE EYE, BY MARGRITTE—This Is Interpreted as a Subconscious Admission That the Artist, Asleep or Awake, Goes About With His Head in the Clouds.

except the dreams in which he lives.

Margritte's striking picture of "The Eye" again shows how dreams tinge all that a Surrealist sees. It is the artist's own eye into which one looks. The cornea is a dark spot, a blind spot—in a cloudy sky. The clouds are the ephemeral and airy dreams through which the Surrealist moves. His head is almost literally in the clouds. There is little that is practical about such a reflection of the world, however curious it may be. In fact, perhaps the best time to appreciate such pictures is when one is asleep and his own repressions are freed. But there is small wonder that a person awake is puzzled by the picture of a dream—especially somebody else's dream.

What has been hailed as the most perfect Surrealist show of all is probably the most startling—it is the Paris International Exposition of Ultra-Modern Art for this year. An astonishing feature there is the statue of a woman with her head in a bird cage. This is known as the "Secret Self," and can be seen on this page. Devotees of the rash artistic cult think it's wonderful. The cage is meant to show the shield of the girl's modest mind against subconscious thoughts and desires. But her body contradicts her proper thoughts by its very existence. Again there is cruelty, for the triumphant artist shows fish gazing through the cage—and these are the smacking suspicions of the girl's Secret Self that others can read her inner mind.

Another feature of the hysterical exposition is the "Bed Among the Roses at the Seashore." Surrounded by a swamp and sea greenery, it induces only the most terrible nightmares. It represents the fear of the artist—while he dreams in his waking bed—that choking weeds, water and oblivion will overwhelm him. It is as if he is trying to make himself wake up by these threats to his comfort—but it is no use, he goes right on dreaming the horrid scenes.

The box that composes the missing parts of the two girls is meant to suggest that women are like a cabinet—providing a place to hide secrets, which the women immediately give away through open doors. The fact that the cabinet had legs to hold it up made the artist think of them as being feminine and putting silk stockings on them—which is entirely logical in a dream, but something no fully awake person would think of.

Like all the other works of the Surrealists, it is untidy and incomplete—a mass of delusions, the product of a mind victimized by its dreams. Or so science now suggests.

Strange Echo From Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony

Tragic Fate of the Little Band of First English Settlers at Roanoke and the Cruel Murder of Virginia Dare, the Governor's American-born Grandchild, Told At Last

by a Message Carved on a Stone 350 Years Ago, But Just Discovered

Elizabethan Portrait of the Adventurous Sir Walter, Founder of the Colony, and Favorite of the Queen Until His Imprisonment for a Secret Love Affair.

THE first English colony in North America was established on Roanoke Island, North Carolina, in 1585. Three years later the 118 colonists, including Virginia Dare, first English child born on this continent, had utterly vanished. Until a few weeks ago their fate remained one of the great mysteries of American history.

Now, with the discovery of a message in 16th century spelling, carved crudely on a slab of quartz and signed with what may be the initials of Virginia Dare's mother, a solution of the mystery has at last been found, that is, if the inscription is genuine, which has not been definitely determined.

One curious thing about this discovery is that it follows so closely on the 350th anniversary celebration of the colony's founding and of the birth of Eleanor Dare's child.

Last Summer a pageant commemorating these events was staged at Roanoke Island on the exact site of the colonists' fort, called Fort Raleigh. The Government issued a Virginia Dare memorial five-cent stamp; and President Roosevelt visited the island and made a speech during which he predicted:

"Some day, perhaps, a closer search of the records of the seafaring towns of Britain and France and Holland and Scandinavia will rediscover discoverers. Perhaps, even, it is not too much to hope that documents in the old country and excavations in the new may throw some further light, however dim, on the fate of the 'lost colony' and Roanoke and Virginia Dare."

This hope has been fulfilled without, however, any assistance from either "documents in the old country" or "excavations in the new." In fact, entire credit for throwing the "further light" the President spoke of belongs to a passing motorist who picked up a curiously carved stone on the banks of the Chowan River, 50 miles inland from the original site of the "lost colony."

Being himself unable to decipher the marks on the stone, its discoverer took it to Emory University on the chance that it might have some historical value. After one look, Professor Haywood J. Pearce, of the University's history department, confirmed his suspicion.

"As a matter of fact," said the professor, "this stone bears every indication of being one of the missing corners of America."

Described as a slab of vein quartz weighing 21 pounds, about 13½ inches long, 10½ inches wide, and 2½ inches thick, the smoother side of the stone bears this inscription:

"ANANIAS DARE & VIRGINIA WENT HENCE UNTO HEAVEN 1591"

Above these words appears a crude cross and below, carved with an equal lack of skill:

"ANY ENGLISHMAN SHEW JOHN WHITE GOV VIA"

On the reverse side is the message which the carver hoped that some Englishman would show John White, who, 350 years ago, was the Governor of Virginia, and the father of Virginia Dare's mother. Put into modern spelling it reads:

"Father, soon after you went to England we came hither. Only misery and war for two years. Above half dead ere two years from sickness, 24 surviving. A savage with message of ship came to us. He reported that after small space of time the savages, afraid of revenge, had run away from the island. We believe it was not you. Soon after this the

The Slab of Quartz Bearing the Message to Governor White, Which Appears to Clear Up the Lost Colony Mystery, Being Examined by Professor Haywood J. Pearce at Emory University.



Sixteenth Century Map of Roanoke Island, With Raleigh's Ships at Anchor.

savages, feigning that the spirits were angry, suddenly murdered all save seven of us. My child and Ananias, too, were slain with much misery. We buried all about four miles east of this river upon a small hill. Names are all written there upon a rock. To any savage who will show this unto you and show you hither we promise to give great plenty presents.—E. W. D."

This message fits so perfectly into the known facts about the colony that, unless it turns out to be one of the most elaborate and painstaking practical jokes on record, it is scarcely possible to doubt its authenticity.

The colonists, destined to be known as "lost," were sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh, their sponsor, and virtual owner of Virginia, and reached Roanoke Island, then deserted after a previously unsuccessful attempt at colonization, in July of 1585. A month later, their number was increased by the arrival of the infant, Virginia Dare, born to Ananias Dare and his wife, Eleanor Dare, daughter of Governor White.

But the hardships of life in the new land were great, food was none too plentiful and 11 days after the child's birth the Governor was persuaded to sail back to England for supplies and reinforcements. As a result of war with Spain he was unable to return with a relief party until 1590. A plundered camp site and the letters "CROATOAN" carved on a tree were the only traces of the colony he had founded.

At first, White was not overly wor-

ried because the word "Croatoan" meant to him that perhaps the colonists had moved in with friendly Indians on the nearby island of Croatoan. Before his departure for England he had instructed the colonists to leave such a message if they moved and to mark above the inscription a cross if they had been attacked by Indians. No cross appearing above the word, he naturally assumed that the settlers had left of their own volition.

Nowhere did he find any evidence of violence, or anything that would cause him to believe the colonists had been massacred.

White made several efforts to reach the islands inhabited by the Croatoan Indians, but each time was prevented by storms and finally was compelled by the advancing bitter season and the grumbling of his men to return to England without making good the search.

The settlers were not seen again. But later a story gained currency that they had been adopted by the tribe of Hatteras Indians. The Indians themselves, among whom such English traits as red hair and gray eyes were said to have occurred, subscribed to this belief. A celebrated chief named Powhatan, some 20 years after the disappearance, told Captain John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, that he was present at the murder of the colonists and exhibited certain articles which he



Another Old Engraving Showing the Return of Governor White and His Relief Party of 1590 Discovering the Carved Word "Croatoan" on a Tree—the Last Clue to the Vanished Settlers.



Reconstruction of the First Governor's Residence, and Birthplace of Virginia Dare, One of Many Historic Replicas Built for the 1937 Celebration of Roanoke's 350th Anniversary.

said had been theirs. He declared that one chief had saved the lives of four men, two boys and a girl and that these seven had intermarried with the Indians.

The message on the recently found stone confirms this number of reputed survivors. The "girl" must have been the author of the message, Eleanor White Dare, Virginia's mother.

Although declining to commit himself as to the absolute authenticity of the message on the newly discovered piece of quartz, Dr. Pearce has pointed out that so far nothing has developed to make either him or his associates doubt it. A lengthy study by English scholars at Emory has shown that the Elizabethan characters of the carving correspond with the spelling and words in use at the time it was supposedly written. And an equally thorough study by geologists has shown that not only did the stone come from a spot near the location of the first colony but that it would be easily possible for the inscription to have weathered three and a half centuries without being obliterated.

The fact that Sir Walter Raleigh was the man responsible for the Roanoke settlement is not perhaps as well known today as that it is quite

an old authority: "He threw his mantle on the ground to help Queen Elizabeth walk dry-shod over a puddle and scribbled verses with a diamond on a pane of glass to attract her attention."

At any rate, the rewards heaped upon Raleigh for these, and possibly other exploits, were substantial. He was the ruling court favorite during the six years (1581 to 1587) between the setting out of the Earl of Leicester and the rising one of the Earl of Essex. And it was during this period that he pushed his colonial ventures.

In 1584 he obtained from the Queen a patent to a vast and vaguely defined tract of land in the southern part of what is now the United States.

That same year he dispatched two ships for purposes of exploration. After skirting the coast, the expedition spent two months on Roanoke Island and then returned to England with tobacco and potatoes, which were new to the old country, with two Indians, Martin and Wanchese—for display purposes, and with good tidings of a pleasant land which from then on was called Virginia.

In 1585 Sir Walter sent a band of 108 men to the island. After nearly a year they returned home in the company of Sir Francis Drake, who called at Fort Raleigh before their own supply ships had appeared. Soon afterwards the supply ships did appear, only to find the fort deserted. Before returning to England they left on the island a guard of fifteen men and supplies for two years.

Expedition number two did not report as favorably. Under conditions as had the first; they had run foul of the natives and had been disappointed in their expectation of finding great stores of gold and precious stones. Nevertheless, Raleigh's enthusiasm was not dampened and in 1587 he made a final attempt to establish a permanent colony by sending out a company equipped for agricultural pursuits and, for the first time,

accompanied by women and children. When this last group of settlers arrived at Roanoke Island they found the fort destroyed and no sign of the fifteen guardians except one skeleton. They rebuilt the fort, constructed several log huts and settled down to what they hoped would be permanent existence. But whether the Indians had been out by looking on the white men as gods, had soon been disillusioned and were by now definitely hostile. Not only did they refuse to give or sell food and supplies but they took advantage of every opportunity to pick off an incautious settler with poisoned arrows. These were the conditions which prompted White's return to England.

On his arrival, the Governor found himself unable to continue his attempts at colonization, having already spent over \$200,000 in the venture. So he resigned his rights to a company of merchants, hoping that they would carry on where he had left off. As a result of all these difficulties, White was unable to carry out his search for his colony and his daughter for another year and by then the island of Roanoke was deserted.

Raleigh long cherished the hope of finding the survivors of his settlement and it is said sent out five different searching parties, each time without result. Finally, he himself met a fate scarcely less unhappy than the one which had befallen his liegemen.

In 1592 he was at sea with an expedition to intercept Spanish trade when he was recalled by the Queen and made a prisoner in the Tower of London. Elizabeth had discovered that he had had an affair with one of her maids of honor. It is not known whether he had married the girl before, but in any case he had to do so. The ceremony was performed in the Tower and the bride and groom went into partial retirement on one of their country estates.

On the accession of James I this retirement became a permanent one. The former favorite's sources of income were cut off and his estates confiscated. He was accused of conspiracy and, after being again committed to the Tower in 1603, remained there 13 years, devoting himself to chemical experiments and literature. The fruit of the former was an elixir which appears to have been a formidable quick stimulant, of the latter a vast History of the World.

Raleigh at last secured his release by promising to find the King a gold mine in Guiana. This he proposed to do without trespassing on Spanish possessions, on its face an impossible offer as the territory in question was entirely in Spanish hands. The expedition was a failure and on his return to England in 1618 Raleigh was put to death.

The Baptism of Virginia Dare, Who Was the First English Child to Be Born in America. This Old Print Pictures the Ceremony That Was Followed by a Celebration in the Governor's Crude Dwelling.

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Romance of the Lady Bouncer, the Midget and the Jilted Midgetess



Like Some Fantastic Story of Fiction Is This Triangle of the 6-Foot 4-Inch Giantess, Her 3-Foot 2-Inch Husband, and the 3-Foot 3-Inch Girl He Left Behind Him



Heartbroken Little Olive Being Consoled by Dolly Dawn, the Radio Singer.

WHEN Dean Swift, the witty and imaginative old English satirist, wrote his famous Gulliver's Travels, he probably didn't dare to create a romance between great big Gulliver and one of the tiny women in Lilliput Land. The story was fanciful enough as it was—so, no doubt, he thought it would be asking too much of his readers to expect them to believe in any such fantastic situation.

Yet old Mother Nature has just stepped right in where Dean Swift was afraid to tread and made a love match between Mr. Billy Curtis, a three-foot two-inch midget, and Miss Lois De Fee, a six-foot four-inch lady bouncer, who were married the other day at Miami Beach, Florida, proving again that truth is stranger than fiction.

But, alas! the course of true love seldom runs smoothly, not even among midgets and giants. While everyone else was congratulating the fortunate couple, dainty Miss Olive Branno, who is three feet four inches tall, announced to the world in no unmistakable terms and in a loud voice for one so small that the news of this happy event had certainly not made her happy. On the contrary, she indicated that it had given her a great big heart-ache—because for some time she had been under the impression that Billy meant to marry her.

The size of a heart has nothing whatever to do with how much it hurts when broken—and Olive said that her midget heart was hurting so dreadfully she was thinking of suing the diminutive groom for breach of promise and Lois for alienation of affections, which is another quaint little situation that would have delighted our old Dean Swift.

Miss Branno and the new Mrs. Curtis haven't yet had the pleasure of meeting each other. When last heard from, however, they were still hurling statements at each other—Olive from New York City, just before leaving for Hollywood to appear in a movie, and Lois from Miami Beach, where she was spending a curious honeymoon all by herself, due to circumstances entirely beyond her control.

But if ever they do get together for a sparring match, in court or out, it might be a good idea to supply the small but pretty midget with a step-ladder, so she could meet the big but



Lois, the Lady Bouncer, After a Flirtatious Encounter in a Night Club With Fanny Brice's Brother.

equally pretty lady bouncer face to face. Then, while the apprehensive Billy stood nearby, awaiting the outcome, they could keep right on shouting back and forth, to their large and little hearts' content, on equal terms: "You're just a midget snatcher, that's what you are!" "But I've got him just the same!" "He was my man and you done me wrong!"

There's considerable difference of opinion, however, as to just whom Billy is—but there seems to be no doubt whatever that he is quite a man-about-town and a great favorite in almost any feminine company.

In addition to Lois and Olive, several normal-sized women are said to have been fascinated by him and at the moment no one seems to know just what has become of him, the last report being that he has gone into hiding because three of those lovely ladies of

This Looks Like One Big (and Little) Happy Family, But Only Lois De Fee, the Former Lady Bouncer and Billy Curtis, Her Midget Bridgroom, Are Really Happy, and Maybe Not So Happy As They Might Be If Olive Branno, the Dainty Little Midgetess (Left) Hadn't Threatened to Sue Both of Them Because She Said Billy Was Her Man and He Had Promised to Marry Her.

average height, all simply crazy about him and more insistent than the rest, are chasing madly around trying to catch him.

The elusive Mr. Curtis, who is now 27 years old, has been a vaudeville headliner ever since he was 15, his most successful act being a recent one in which he played the part of a ventriloquist's dummy, but suddenly came to life. And in real life, it seems, Billy became very lively with almost equal suddenness a few years ago when he first saw the appealing Miss Branno presenting her attractive little dance number on the stage.

At the time, Olive (now 21) had just passed her seventeenth birthday. As she described Billy's way of wooing her, he seems to have rushed right along with a whirlwind courtship that would have been a credit to a man twice his size—almost, but not quite, sweeping her off her feet. She fell in love with him, she says, but when he asked her to marry him she replied that he must first prove he was ready to give up the happy-go-lucky life of a midget bouncer, betting big money on big horses,

not Shetland ponies, and running around with big girls.

He promised her faithfully he would settle down, be his own sweet small self and not forget his size, she intimated, and then their different vaudeville bookings took them to different parts of the country, and for the next four years they seldom saw each other. Yet all that time Olive apparently thought about him and kept looking forward to the day when they would be married.

But old Mother Nature, or Cupid, or somebody who was not very considerate toward Olive, worked out other plans for Billy. Some people, however, have been unkind enough to suggest that neither Cupid nor Mother Nature had anything whatever to do with it.

On the contrary, they suspect that the plans were really worked out by some nimble-witted press agent, who hit on the notion that a marriage between a gentleman midget (and such a well-known bachelor midget, at that) and a lady bouncer would be a mighty cute way of attracting attention to both of them. Furthermore, it would (and did) attract attention to the

Hotel Floridian on whose beautiful lawn the marriage was performed, with 2,000 wedding "guests" standing on tip-toe and craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the groom—and that's about the only wedding guests have been known to show much interest in the groom. As for the bride, nobody had to fret over getting an imposing view of her, since she towered above everyone there.

But there are good reasons for doubting that the whole thing was merely a publicity stunt, pure and simple.

First of all, there is that well-known fact that Billy likes tall girls and tall girls like him. Then, there is the equally well-established fact that Lois, as she has so quaintly expressed it, "falls like nobody's business for little bitty men, collapsing all in a heap," as she did when she met and promptly married the second of her three husbands.

Another reason for believing that Billy and Lois are really in love is that they both insist that they are. Furthermore, Billy pointed out, just before he went into hiding, he is supporting her—and to back up that statement he exhibited two receipts for money orders he had sent her.

In New York, however, Billy had so much difficulty convincing his old friends that he was really married, despite all the notice the ceremony received, and this made him so indignant that he got himself a photostatic copy of the marriage certificate, which he now carries around with him.

In this strange, by no means equilateral triangle, Lois is the youngest angle, the baby of the trio, for all her 184 attractive pounds. Not yet twenty years old, she was born in Missouri while the World War was making fighters of one sort or another out of

almost everyone, and by the time she was thirteen she was six feet tall and quite a fighter herself.

Soon after her thirteenth birthday, she ran away and married an army aviator, who pummeled her around like a punching bag, she says, till she learned all he knew about fighting and then had the marriage annulled.

She only lived with her jockey husband four months. Then she danced a while in a show in Havana and eventually arrived in New York, where actor Harry Richman's brother, Lou Richman, gave her a job as lady bouncer in his "Dizzy Club."

No doubt Mr. Richman figured that this was the best way to keep up with the times, now that there are as many women drunk as men, and, if not more. Besides, women the worse for liquor are harder to handle than men, and big, striking Lois, who is striking in more ways than one, was just the girl to do that.

One of Lois' liveliest fights—it is said—was with Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, who is reported to have stood up a few rounds and then thrown in the sponge before there was a knockout, retiring, not to her own corner, but to the street, while still able to walk.

The only bout Lois ever lost, however, was not with a woman but a man—Lou Brice, brother of the famous comedienne. Fanny Brice Lois was off duty that night—and she says that Lou started annoying her and picking on her while she was having a drink and the next thing she knew her nose was broken in five places.

Then she met Billy and right away she was sure it was one of those matches made in Heaven—although some people still suspect that the long and short of it is that the match was made in a publicity office.

It's true that some of the guests snickered out loud when Billy pointed to protect Lois and tittered even louder when she promised to obey Billy (who later asserted that the one time she became obnoxious he neatly subdued her by cracking her over the head with a bottle, like christening a battleship).

So with Lois in Florida, Billy, nobody knows where; Olive in Hollywood, and three other disappointed ladies out hunting for him, the natural question is: Little man, what now?



Size, On the Lawn of a Florida Hotel? The Giantess Says "A Stunt," the Midgetess Says "Love."



**BIG ECONOMICAL
OLDSMOBILE
2-DOOR SEDANS
LIKE THIS!**



**READ THESE SIMPLE RULES
FOR OLDSMOBILE'S PRIZE CONTEST
MARCH 1 TO MARCH 30, INCLUSIVE, 1938**

1. Go to an Oldsmobile Dealer and (a) Take a trial drive in a 1938 Oldsmobile and (b) Obtain an Official Entry Blank. The Dealer himself, or the authorized representative, must countersign the Entry Blank to insure that you have taken a trial drive in a 1938 Oldsmobile and are eligible to compete in the Contest. Entries without such countersignatures will not be considered.
2. Then, fill in the six blank spaces in the Entry Blank, giving in your own words—no more than 25 to each space—the things that impressed you most about the new Oldsmobile advantages illustrated. You may use pencil, pen or typewriter. Lively excellence in "fancy" entries will not count. Print your name and address and mail to Oldsmobile, Department C, Lansing, Michigan.
3. A prize of an Oldsmobile Six Two-Door Sedan will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges, is the most original, sincere and eye-catching statement submitted by the contestants whose entries are postmarked March 1, 1938, and deliver car on the same basis for the winner among the contestants whose entries are postmarked March 2, 1938, and so on to and including March 30, 1938. Thirty Oldsmobile Sixes in all. No entry will be considered unless it is received by Oldsmobile in Lansing within seven days after the postmarked date.
4. In case of a winning contestant has purchased a new 1938 Oldsmobile car during the period of the contest, March 1-March 30, 1938, inclusive, he will be credited with the retail delivered price of the Oldsmobile Six Two-Door Sedan he last won, i. e., the retail delivered price in the city where contest was purchased has been announced.
5. Winning contestants will be notified by mail, and the names of winners will be printed progressively in Oldsmobile Dealers' Showrooms as soon after March 31st as judging can be completed, and continuing until the 30 winners have all been announced.
6. All entries, statements and ideas therein become the property of Oldsmobile Division, General Motors Sales Corporation and can be used in any way and for any purpose whatsoever without obligation to contestants. No entries will be returned.
7. This contest is open to any resident of the United States over 16 years of age except employees of Oldsmobile, Oldsmobile Dealer and their employees, and employees of Oldsmobile's Advertising Agency and their families.

GREAT NATIONWIDE PRIZE CONTEST STARTS MARCH 1st

HOW would you like to become the owner of a big, new Style-Leader Oldsmobile Six, at absolutely no cost to you? Here's your opportunity! Enter Oldsmobile's great Nationwide Prize Contest and you may be the fortunate winner of one of the 30 Oldsmobile cars to be given away free during March. Think of it, Oldsmobile is giving away 30 cars in 30 days as prizes in the biggest, most exciting contest staged by a motor car manufacturer in years . . . a contest that's so much fun it's really a game! All you do is take a trial drive in a 1938 Oldsmobile and then tell Oldsmobile what you learned about the car. You don't need to be a writer. No literary skill is necessary. You simply state in your own conversational words the things that impressed you most about a ride in the 1938 Oldsmobile. Go to your Oldsmobile Dealer today, or tomorrow or any day in March . . . the sooner, the better. Take a thrilling trial drive and get an Official Entry Blank. Then, fill in the six blank spaces provided in the Entry Blank and mail to Oldsmobile. Your entry may win you the Oldsmobile you have always wanted to own!

Entry blank looks like this . . . you fill spaces!

When you get your Official Entry Blank, you'll find it similar to the sample below. You simply fill in the spaces in the manner shown in Number 1.

1. EASE OF HANDLING

OLDSMOBILE IS SO EASY TO STEER IT SEEMS TO RESPOND TO MY THOUGHTS AND IT STARTS, STOPS AND PARKS JUST AS EASILY.

2. SMOOTH, QUIET OPERATION

3. RIDING COMFORT

4. PERFORMANCE

5. SAFETY

6. QUALITY FEATURES

Take the Wheel!

Let This Great Car Tell Its Own Convincing Story of Handling Ease . . . Riding Comfort . . . Safety . . . and All-Round Quality Performance!



First-hand facts will tell you more about a car than all the words in the world! That's why Oldsmobile is offering you a special inducement during March to take the wheel of an Oldsmobile and drive!

mobile is staging a big, Nationwide Prize Contest based on the things that impress people most when they put Oldsmobile through its thrilling paces!



Above all, you'll feel a new sense of security when you drive an Oldsmobile—the result of completely sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes and Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher with new Safety Interiors and Safety Glass all around.



Just get in the driver's seat of an Oldsmobile and let the car's actions speak for themselves. Step on the gas. You're away in a flash—in the easiest-handling, easiest-controlled car you've ever driven. And pep! You'll find getaway that puts you out in front, with a smoothness and rhythm unmatched by other cars. Now, drive out on the open road. Oldsmobile will give you a smooth, silent, enjoyable ride . . . with plenty of eager, flexible power for passing and emergencies . . . and all with economy that makes such outstanding performance doubly remarkable. And if you're driving an Oldsmobile equipped with Automatic Safety Transmission, you'll experience an entirely new kind of super-performance never possible before!



Let Oldsmobile tell you its own story. One trial drive will convince you that Oldsmobile gives you a more pleasing combination of driving ease, riding comfort, fine performance and quality features . . . all the essentials of true motoring enjoyment . . . than you ever imagined possible!



**SEE OUR OLDSMOBILE
DRIVE COMFORT
ON ROAD AND OFFICIAL SHOW ROOM**

War Drags Japan's Dainty Geishas Down to Degradation

Taxes on Wealthy Patrons Force Them to Give Up Their Historic Luxuries and Send the Carefully Trained Girls Into the Streets or to the Shameful Yoshiwara



A Geisha, Forced by War Conditions and Lack of Playboy Admirers to Discard Her Pictorial Costume for One More Appreciated by Visitors to Tokyo's "Sin Street."



The Superstitious Geisha Calls Her Lover to Her House and Waits Till He Falls Asleep. In the Dead of Night She Brings a Razor in a Bowl of Water. She Then Moves the Razor Along the Man's Throat and Asks Him for the Truth. The Hazardous Charm, She Is Sure, Will Make Him Confess Any Infidelity.



Not Yet Out of the Historic School. An Apprentice Geisha Wearing the Colorful, Time-Honored Kimono and Headress of Her Profession.

KYOTO, Japan, Feb. 11.

BACK to their alma mater, the Yosaka-Nyokoba Training School, came more than 2,500 Geisha alumnae to see the sixty-fourth class graduate. It was, as usual, a gay occasion, but everywhere there were startled whispers.

"Is it true that at Tokyo some are violating the Geisha code of ethics and morals, 800 years old?"

The Tokyo alumnae admitted that this was the truth, but hoped that after the war, when men's money perhaps wouldn't all be going for taxes, they would stop, and, anyway, the girls who were committing the offense did it dressed in Western clothes, which seemed to make it less heinous.

Just what Geisha morals may be is a mystery to the rest of the world, including the Japanese themselves. Even the Geisha herself is not told the rules of that or any other subject until just before she graduates. The rules are a closely-guarded, professional secret and she must die rather than reveal it. Until ready to graduate the girl learns only by trial and error, just as she learns how to flirt or place flowers in a bowl correctly. Her instructors are constantly placing her in difficult situations and then letting her show them what she thinks is the right way to handle them. The teacher corrects the pupil's errors but never, no never, states the rule which applies. This method, the exact opposite of the custom in other institutions of learning, is based on the theory that it takes all that preliminary training before one is able to comprehend the rules.

Of course, a Geisha may marry at any time, and then is generally expected to retire for life because her husband enjoys the idea of his wife practicing her arts of fascination on other men. The standard of wifely morality in Japan is extremely high. Also a Geisha may marry a man for a specified term by a contract and at the end of that time they are automatically divorced as completely as if by decree of a court.

To Western minds this seems shocking, a bit worse than the shameless trial marriage idea because this at least offers the expectation that if the two prove compatible they intend to make the relationship respectable by a real marriage. The Japanese sees nothing wrong in the idea and does not consider it as loose as the American custom of always swearing that the union is to last until death and then scattering off to Reno at the first fit or the sight of someone he or she might like better.

Evidently Geishas may have lovers, according to the rules, or at least others in the profession hold up no horrified hands when they do. Some of the girls, with their earnings, put a lower through college or technical training school or support him while he climbs the lower rungs of the political ladder. When he becomes rich and famous he rewards her by a marriage which often brings high social position.

Though one might have to study a long time at one of the Geisha schools to comprehend its somewhat complicated system of morals, there certainly is some sort of a moral code and its violation by a few of the Tokyo Ge-

The Karasu-Mori, or "Forest of Crows" (at right) where the Geishas have lived for many years. But which they are now deserting for the Yoshiwara (below) the famous official resort on "Sin Street," Tokyo.



Principal of the Yosaka-Nyokoba Training School Handing Out Diplomas to the Girls Whose Future the War Has Made Darkly Uncertain.

ishments. They were taught to dance and sing as well as to write and how to make a good first impression. All of the girls came from good families and Wakanabe, the most renowned among them, was the daughter of Kyogaku, a court noble. She was often summoned to the Imperial Palace and sang and danced in the presence of the Emperor.

Such were the beginnings of the Geisha institution and explain why even to this day, although most Geishas are now recruited from families of the poorer classes—these girls are looked upon with considerable respect and appear at all social functions, including weddings, banquets and even garden parties given by the Prime Minister.

Today every large city has its Geisha school and, though the training and discipline are such as would break an Eastern girl's heart, the schools seem always full. Most enter about 12 years of age, but some extra-ambitious parents start them as early as six or seven. How long the pupil remains depends on how much she is expected to learn and how fast she can absorb it. One may attend only two years or even less and be a sort of fourth-rate Geisha. These sophomores usually save up their rather meagre pay and return to finish their education. To become a full-fledged singer, dancer, conversationalist and mistress of all the arts is said to require more time and effort than for a young man to become a physician.

The pupils arise at 5 a. m. to dust and sweep all the rooms of the school, and toward evening they dust and sweep them again. The Japanese dine from the floor and they make sure that it is always as clean as a dining table. Once a day they take a bath and are pointed by one of their instructors until they are proficient in the art of make-up. During the first year, until all signs of frivolity and indifference have vanished, the girls receive a whip-

pling with a thin bamboo rod, just before going to bed, so they may meditate on the seriousness of their profession before going to sleep. These girls are not prisoners, like courtesan apprentices. They are free to leave school any time they please, but almost never do so unless they have the misfortune to wreck their voices in the heroic singing lessons.

These begin right after the morning sweeping and for one hour they recite songs at the very top of their lungs, which either makes a very strong voice or ruins it. The singing is accompanied by strumming on the samisen, the Japanese guitar.

The difficult thing about learning music in Japan is that there are no scales or notes. There is no written music. Everything is learned by ear. Their education covers dancing, the tea ceremony, floral arrangement, deportment, poetry, understanding of all the arts and speaking English. This last is almost the only addition to the curriculum in eight centuries, but the schools simply had to bow to the demand created by so many American and English big spenders.

Deportment covers the all-important art of flirting, which in turn involves being a perfect actress, as to the extent of simulating all shades of the emotions. When a Geisha dances, her face is kept expressionless, and meaningless, what the American calls a "dead pan." But when conversing all the emotions seem to play, like Northern lights, over her sensitive countenance, but that does not mean anything either. Nobody knows what a Geisha really thinks or feels.

The Geisha's flirtation tactics, of course, involve much flattery, but she mixes with it a large amount of teasing, sarcasm and fun-poking at her guests' peculiarities, enough, if any other should try it, to make the man furious. But these girls, even when speaking in broken English, do it with such charm that even the toughest person is never offended. A perfect gentleman has been defined as one who never offends unintentionally—and neither does a Geisha.

Just as was done 800 years ago the modern Geisha learns to believe all sorts of omens, curses and magic. There are several interesting charms in which the girls believe implicitly. The first is called the "fox." A Geisha is unable to see her lover for a month or two. She is anxious to talk things over with him and resolves to use the "fox" charm. First she writes the word "fox" on a small piece of paper and pastes this in a corner of the third step from the top of a staircase. Then she waits for somebody to stumble down from the staircase. (This is not unusual in Japan, where staircases are extremely steep and usually unlit.) If someone stumbles, then the charm is surely working.

Another charm is the "razor." A girl doubts the real intentions of her lover. She calls him to her house and waits until he falls asleep. In the dead of night she brings a large porcelain bowl filled with water and in which a razor is laid. Stealthily she puts the bowl near the head of the sleeping Romeo. Then, moving the razor along the man's throat, she whispers: "Now tell me your true intentions." The man begins to talk in his sleep, confessing everything he has in mind. Presumably it would be contrary to Geisha ethics to cut his honorable throat even if the young man's intentions are not honorable. Still another peculiar charm is washing the hair. A girl yearns for her lover, who is traveling in a distant town. First she unties her hair and washes it in the water of a pond, the water of a well, river or public water-works being of no use for this charm—then she stands by the side of a well near her house, letting down her tresses over her shoulders. Looking down into the water, she opens her mouth and talks to the man whose spirit is supposed to be at the bottom of the well. Thus, it is said, the girl is able to make her desires known to her lover.

If you don't believe it, they will tell you to look at the face of a certain Mr. Mori Mitsui, of Yokohama. Though he was many miles away, this beloved was hollering down a well at him, when her comb fell out of her hair to the bottom of the well. Next time she saw Mori there was the mark of that comb just like a birthmark on his face, but you are supposed to believe that it isn't a birthmark.

New...tulip-pattern Swankyswigs for Kraft Cheese Spreads



The smartest little
beverage glasses of the
season . . . filled with
America's favorite Cheese
Spreads! Now at your nearest
food dealer's!

Ladies' Choice!
Kraft consulted two thousand women
before selecting the tulip-pattern for
the new Swankyswig glasses. They
were their favorite design. They
picked it for its simplicity and
charm. The new design comes in
red, green, blue and black. Collect
a whole set!

For sandwiches, for salads, for party refreshments or appetizers there's
nothing more tempting or more convenient than the Kraft Cheese Spreads.
And many a clever hostess has discovered this easy trick: a trayful of
crackers-and four or five Kraft Cheese Spreads brought on in their own
smart Swankyswig glasses. The guests make their own snacks—and enjoy it!

Kraft gives you an assortment of eight different flavors—some zestfully
teasing, some delicately mild in flavor. There's Kraft Pimento and Olive-
Pimento Cream . . . Kraft Roquefort Cream . . . and Pineapple Cream
Spreads—all made from the famous "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese
with various good things added. Kay is the same Cream Cheese with a
dash of sweet pickle relish. Teez is a tantalizing surprise combination.
"Old English" Spread—a rich, time-mellowed flavor. And for the men-
folks—Kraft Limburger Spread without the old-time odor.

Get acquainted with all of these delicious Kraft Spreads. And while
you're doing it, you'll just automatically be getting yourself a smart set of
the new tulip-pattern Swankyswig glasses!



The tempting tray pictured at the right holds these snacks: Cubes of bread spread on top
and sides with "Old English" Spread (softened with a little butter) and toasted under the
broiler. Fancy-shaped slices of bread spread with Kay and sprinkled with chopped, broiled
bacon. Small celery hearts filled with Kraft Pimento Cream Spread. Little squares of sliced
boiled ham, rolled into cornucopias and filled with Kraft Olive Pimento Cream Spread forced
through pastry tube. Stuffed pickles. (Scoop out centers of dill pickles, drain, and fill with
Teez; chill and slice.)

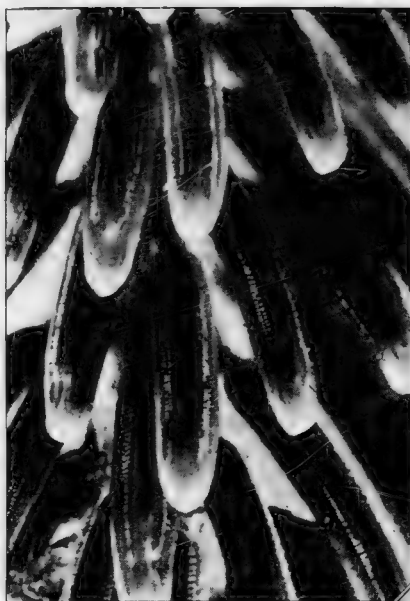


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Can You Guess What These Things Really Are?

Study These Microscopic
Photographs and See If You
Can Recognize the Familiar
Objects Pictured As They
Would Appear to the
Eye of an Insect



1—These Are Not Cucumbers, as You Might Easily Be Led to Believe, But They Are Growing Things Seen by Some of Us Every Day.

ALTHOUGH the science of photography was in its infancy when G. Herbert and Sulzhan wrote the tangle of things that they saw, the world in its entirety, they looked upon a thing which, now is of great interest to photographers.

The next stage which was the first of the things about as depicted a great deal upon our height, weight and other conditions. A subject walking across the street for example, seen through a microscope, appears as a huge wall, which a man at a distance would see as perfectly natural. If an ant were to happen to stray out on the sidewalk, the world would seem of such immensity that the subject's impression would be dwarfed by comparison.

Just how things appear relatively to him, men, insects and other living things can now be recognized pictorially by means of a modern photographic apparatus. Prowled with focus, ground lenses and extremely sensitive photographic plates, camera scientists are now able to record scenes as they appear to the high-flying hawk or the creeping snail. By means of concave and convex mirrors they are even able to picture a man as he seems to himself after he has been drinking too many cocktails, or as he thinks he looks the morning after the night before.

One of the interesting discoveries made in the field of modern photography is that even after seeing a picture made from a viewpoint which is other than your own, it is difficult to recognize, no matter how familiar the scene may be.

Human beings are usually convinced that they see things as they really are—but our eyes often deceive us and our

memories sometimes play tricks on us.

This was demonstrated recently by a professor of psychology who appeared suddenly in his classroom and fired a blank cartridge at one of his pupils who was in on the secret. The student immediately jumped forward on his face as if he had been shot.

When the professor then questioned various students as to what had occurred, they gave conflicting answers. The professor had come in one door and a student "No, he came in the other one," insisted a second. A third maintained that the professor had been in the room all the time, while two students insisted that the "victim" had been stabbed. Only when a series of candid camera pictures showing the sequence of events was passed around were the students sure of what actually had happened—and even then some of them weren't too certain.

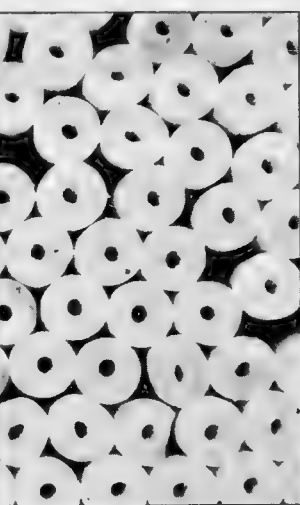
If you think you can recognize objects seen from a small



3—Or is? 2 or 6 of Them in a Huddle? That's What the Camera Made Them Look Like Under the Microscope, But You'll Have to Guess Again.



4—This Could Be a Snake or an Earthworm, But It Really Isn't a Slinky, Crawling Creature at All.



5—Would You Say That These Are Spools, Stone Rollers or Parts of a Machine? Or Wouldn't You?



6—This Looks as If Somebody Has Gouged Out Parts of a Tree Trunk, Leaving the Inner Grain Visible.

2—At First Glance This Photograph Appears to Picture a Heavenly Body Rimming Through Space Accompanied by a Myriad of Satellites—But Is It?

creature's viewpoint, the photographs on this page furnish an excellent test with which you can try yourself out. A person who could reduce himself to the size of a house fly and alight on familiar objects would find that they appeared to him just the way they have been photographed here with a microscopic camera.

The same objects as they really appear from a human being's point of view, photographed with an ordinary camera are reproduced on page 20. But before looking at the answers suppose you make up your mind as to the size of a fly and how bright down upon the object at the upper left corner of the page. Here you would find yourself as what would seem like a jungle in which you could safely hide from the onslaught of a death-dealing fly-walker.

When you felt reasonably safe from pursuit, if you were a brave fly and not afraid of the sinister-looking owl head that loomed at you, you might even think of taking a short walk along the scaly sheet in the circle in the center of the page. Depending on your mind at last, you might find this to your liking.

Then if you look off for a short flight to a distant horizon, you can be at it again right. If you are large enough for you to sight of its shiny surface. If that is enough of a size as to what it contains.

Could make you fight the atom snake at the lower left might attract your attention, but you probably wouldn't linger long before exploring the possibilities of the nest stick in the adjoining picture. The circular openings here to you as a fly would seem as large as the mouth of a megaton appears to an average sized human being.

In the next picture to the right, the indentations seem as large to a fly as a ditch does to a human being, while at the extreme right the sharp design would appear to the fly who descended upon it as having the size and feeling of a small, grating sidewalk.

These pictures taken from a fly-eye size are only one of the many modern achievements of photography which can reproduce scenes from different viewpoints. By means of powerful instruments, cameras which can see through objects, and even through the body of a fly, it is possible to see what is going on inside of a fly.

When G. Herbert and Sulzhan wrote Things Are Seen What They See, they gave you the pictures on this page they certainly are a most



7—Almost Everybody Sees One of These Several Times a Day, But Can You Guess Its Use and Where You See It?



HER THROAT CUT.

Jules Kunemann Attempts to Murder Abbie Reed.

An Old Print Which Appeared in the Louisiana Mascot to Warn Young Girls Against the Gay Night-Life of Old New Orleans.

By CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi
River Steamboats.

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW ORLEANS was a wide open town in the old days and I reckon there never was a place in this country where they let the low dives run any wilder than they did down there. I always steered clear of that district when I was in New Orleans, but I used to hear plenty about it when I was steamboating up and down the Mississippi, and some of the stories would pretty nearly make your hair stand on end.

There was one red-headed spitfire they called Bricktop, who first showed up down on Gallatin Street when she wasn't any more than twelve or thirteen years old, and kept right on hanging out down there till she was a regular battle-axe. Her real name was Mary Jane Jackson, and from all they used to say about her she must have been a hum-dinger.

When she was about half-grown she took up with a bartender, who put up with her longer than anybody ever thought he would. But one night she got rampaging around his house with a skillet in one hand and a rolling pin in the other, so he knocked her down with a stick of stove wood and kicked her out, locking the door in her face.

After he went to sleep she climbed in a window and went at him with a butcher knife, and when she got through with him his own mother wouldn't have known him. She sliced off one ear and most of the other, besides a hunk of his chin and three or four fingers, but he must have been tough because he pulled through.

New Orleans was a boom town in those days, and every steamboat that came down the river and every ship that came in from the Gulf brought a fresh crowd of men, all kinds of men from all over the world, and a lot of them were hard-drinking ruffians who headed for those low dives as quick as they landed. So Bricktop, and all the others like her, didn't have any trouble getting along.

One night she lit into a great big lumberjack and stabbed him to death with a frog-sticker. She mostly always toled around with her, a mean-looking knife with a blade on each end and the handle in the middle. Another time she got in a row with a sailor—I don't know what it was about unless it was over money. Anyway, she grabbed up a wrought-iron poker and beat the life out of him right in front of the fireplace. But I reckon the police must have figured neither one of those fellows was worth bothering about because they never did anything about it.

The women who ran the different joints kept taking Bricktop in but every time they put her to work she would get into a fight and they would kick her out, till after a while there wasn't any place left for her to go and she had to make out the best she could. Then one night she went into a saloon and after getting herself liquored up she reached over and picked up the bartender's knife.

"That there's a beaut," she said. "I sure could have a lot of fun with that."
"Not in here you can't," the bartender told her. "You put that knife down. You don't need it, anyway. You got a knife of your own."

"I did have, but I like the looks of this one, and I got the money to pay for it."

"It ain't for sale," replied the bartender, and he started trying to take it away from her.

Then there was a free-for-all fight. Some of



Kate Townsend at the Time She Was Murdered by Her Sweetheart. A Plaque Printed in New Orleans Newspapers to the Memory of the Undisputed "Queen of the Tenderloin."

the women who had been hanging around with Bricktop jumped in to help her, and a man named Fleury didn't have any better sense than to start whacking at the old battle-axe with his walking stick. But he didn't whack hard enough. For his own good, he should have knocked her out because the next minute Bricktop whirled around and lit into him, slashing him in four or five places. He died a few days later, and they threw Bricktop in jail. But when they put her on trial nobody would swear for sure that she was the one who did it. Besides, a lot of folks said Fleury had heart trouble anyway, and maybe that was what killed him. So they let her go.

One of the keepers at the jail was a rip-snorter named Jack Miller, who got a hand chopped off one time when he got mixed up with a fellow who had a hatchet. Jack had the stump sewed up in leather, with a piece of chain and an iron ball dangling from it, and I reckon he must have figured he was the man to tame Bricktop if anybody could. Anyway, when she got out of jail he quit his job and started living with her.

But couldn't anybody tame that woman. After trying every other way, Miller went at her one night with a bull whip, but she snatched the whip out of his hand and started laying it on him. He threw up his other arm and was about to lash her brains out with the chain when she grabbed it and yanked him off his feet. Before he could jump up she was on top of him with her double-bladed knife, and that was the end of Jack Miller. I reckon by that time everybody was sick and tired of Bricktop, because they sent her to prison, and for all I know she may have died there.

Speaking of Bricktop reminds me of another red-headed hussy named Abbie Reed, who must have been some pun'kins herself, if half of what I heard about her is true. She blew into town long after Bricktop's day and I reckon she must have been right easy to look at and mighty assy, too,

"OLD MAN RIVER" By



"After trying every other way to tame Bricktop, Jack Miller went at her one night with a bull-whip, but she snatched it away from him and started laying it on him. He threw up his half-arm and was about to dash her brains out with the bull-whip chain, held fastened to the stump, when she grabbed it and yanked him off his feet. Before he could jump up she was on top of him with her double-bladed knife and that was the end of Jack Miller."

judging by the way a lot of river men used to take on about her.

Pretty soon she had a place of her own, one of those showy places, and all the men with read money who went in for that kind of life used to go there regular, so she got along fine. Then one day a good-looking fellow named Jules Kunemann dropped around with a bunch of his buddies, and the minute he laid eyes on her he was a goner.

The way I heard it, Kunemann came from a good family and all his friends told him he was making a fool of himself, but nothing could stop him. He couldn't think about anything 'cept Abbie—all his sense went clean out of his head.

It's a funny thing how some fellows get that way. They can't see any further than a pretty face and anybody who tries to argue with them is just wasting his time. When they get smitten that bad it don't make any difference to them what kind of a life a woman has been leading or where they happen to find her. They figure she's a fine woman, apt of everything, and never would have got herself in a fix like that if she hadn't been shoved into it, some way or other. It's all the world's fault, not the woman's fault—and right away they set out to save her.

Well, the way Kunemann aimed to save Abbie was by marrying her, but it didn't work, any more than it usually does. Men and women are all the time trying to save somebody by marrying them, but I never yet heard of anybody making

much of a success of it. A woman who marries a man in the gutter to try and pull him up is running a pretty fair chance of getting herself dragged down, and the other way around.

Kunemann set his wife up in a fine house, and gave her just about everything she had any use for, but when he tried to get her to sell out that place of hers she stomped her little foot down on the shiny floor and said:

"No, sir-ree-bob! If I do that, what will happen to my girls? You want me to turn them out in the street?"

"What do you care what happens to them? They're not any good, any of 'em."

"They're every bit as good as I am," she said, and right back at him, and I reckon she was right about that.

"Besides," she said, "I'm dragging down a lot of money out of that place and I think it's a smart idea for a wife to have her own money to fall back on, even if she is married to a man who is well off."

I reckon at first Kunemann and Abbie were about as happy as anybody could expect them to be, living high and throwing one party after another. Kunemann's men friends were always glad to come to those parties, but none of the women who belonged to his own crowd would have touched Mrs. Kunemann with a ten-foot pole. The only women at those parties were women like Abbie herself.

After a while she commenced spending a lot

Capt. Louis Rosche

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant of the Mississippi and Its Tributaries—Romantic, Tragic and Adventurous, the Heroines and Heroes, Bad Men and Bad Women Who Traveled the Historic Water-Road—Told by the Last of Its Old-Time Captains



A Midnight Frolic at the Jardin Mahille, Center of New Orleans Gay Night-Life in the 1860's.



New Orleans Night-Life. Women in One of the Sidewalk Cafes Carousing Much to the Discomfiture of the Ladies in the Background. An Old Print.

of time at her old place and her husband didn't like that. She let on that it was just to check up on the business and see that it was being run right, but he figured that wasn't the only reason. Things kept on like that, getting worse and worse, with him brooding and drinking more than was good for him till one night he got himself all worked up over it and went there after her.

When he came storming up to Abbie's joint, the Negro maid saw right away that it wasn't any friendly visit and did her best to keep him out. But he shoved her out of the way and busted right in where Abbie was sitting on a red plush chair, talking over things with her girls. Before anybody had a chance to catch on to what he was up to, he yanked out a long knife, grabbed hold of Abbie and commenced whacking away at her.

Maybe he meant to cut her throat and maybe he didn't—but he sure did slit it open, just the same. Then he slashed her cheeks and carved her face till it was a sight to behold. She got over it, though, and later on she said he meant to kill her because she wouldn't sell her property, like he wanted her to, and turn over the money to him. He said all he aimed to do was fix up that pretty face of hers so no other man would ever take a second look at her and then he could have her all to himself. It worked all right as far as making her ugly, but it didn't do him any good because after that, Abbie wouldn't have anything more to do with him.

Some of the worst dives in old New Orleans were the concert saloons, and I used to hear a lot about them from fellows who had been in them and who were mighty sorry about it afterwards. Anything went in those places, and at last they got so bad the town passed a law trying to put them out of business, but the bullies who ran them got around it by taking out restaurant licenses. Then all they did was set out plates of sandwiches, but nobody ever took a second bite of one of those sandwiches. Just so they could keep on using the same ones they mixed in some iron filings and such stuff as the parings from a horse's hoof.

They would have ten or twenty girls, skipping around with not much clothes on, singing and dancing, and I've heard that sometimes when the crowd was spending a lot of money the girls would strip off every last stitch, and some of the men would, too. The girls didn't get paid for singing and dancing, but made their money from a rake-off on the drinks they got the men to buy, or by ribbing them after they were too drunk to stagger around any longer. Everytime a man bought himself a drink he had to buy one for a girl, too, and hers cost twice as much as his.

But it wasn't the same stuff. The stuff the men drank was worse than anything that was sold during prohibition days. It was half water and half raw alcohol, flavored with tobacco juice, red pepper, creosote or maybe sulphuric acid. The girls drank something that looked like liquor but was nothing but colored water with some kind of fruit juice in it.

It wouldn't do for the girls to pass out because they had other things to do, and some of them were picking pockets. I reckon one of the best at

that was a skinny little tow-head named Lizzie Collins. One night a farmer came into the place where Lizzie hung out and right away she figured he must be flush with money, because it was the time of the year when farmers were selling their cotton.

He must have heard about the kind of liquor they served in those joints, because he wouldn't touch a drop of it. He was willing enough to buy drinks for Lizzie, but no matter how much she begged him to have just one he kept on saying he wasn't a drinking man.

After a while she commenced dancing with him, thinking maybe she could pick his pocket, anyway, but she couldn't find his wallet, and the reason was he didn't have one. He had his money in a buck-skin bag tied around one leg and after a while Lizzie caught on to that trick.

Besides the big dance hall there were some little rooms where a man could have his drinks sent in to him, so pretty soon Lizzie got this poor old haysed into one of the little rooms. But before she did, she let some of the other girls in on what she was up to, and in a little while they came traipsing in where she and the farmer were, bringing a bottle of whiskey with them.

The girls let on like they were just being playful, but they were about as playful as a bunch of wildcats. All at once they showed that fellow over and some of them sat on him while one held his nose and another one poured liquor down his throat. He gagged and spluttered and fought, but that didn't do any good. They hung on to him and kept pouring whiskey into him till he got sick and couldn't fight back any longer. Then they helped him get his boots off, so he could lie there on the bed till he felt better, and while they were doing that they untied the buckskin money bag and skipped out with it.

From the early days, New Orleans was a great place for its women, all kinds of women, some of them good and some of them bad. Of course, the Louisiana country wasn't anything but a wilderness when the first settlers landed there and, naturally, they couldn't very well bring any white women over to a wild country like that at



Pickpockets at Work On Their Victim. An old Cartoon Showing the Lawlessness of New Orleans in the Rip-Roaring Days After the Civil War.



A Sucker Being Trimmed at Cards by a Professional Gambler and His Female Accomplice in a Basin Street Dive.



The Hurdy-Gurdy Girls, Popular Entertainers in New Orleans Dance Halls, Who Lured Rich Cotton Planters to the Dens and Then Stripped Them of Their Cash.

the start. But there was a lot of easy-going Indian squaws all around there and it wasn't long before the settlers commenced chasing off into the woods after 'em.

That got the leaders worried because the men wouldn't settle down to clearing up the land and starting farms like they should have. On top of that, it looked like it was going to start the Indian "braves" on the warpath. So the white leaders wrote back over to France and said they could never make anything out of that wilderness 'less they could get some white women over there.

The first thing the French government did was unlock the women's jails and ship over a boatload of women who had been sent to prison for one thing or another, mostly for just running around on the loose. That suited the settlers, all right. It didn't make any difference to them what the women had been before they landed in Louisiana, long as they were young and strong and easy to look at. They called the women "correction" girls because they had been in jail. When the boat got there, a big crowd of men went down to meet

it and I reckon it wasn't long before every one of those correction girls found herself some place to stay.

But the missionaries didn't think that was the best way to tame a wild country. They were having trouble enough holding the men in line and keeping them from neglecting their religion. So the missionaries wrote back to the old country and said that what Louisiana needed right then worse than anything else was some good women who would make the right kind of wives for the pioneers.

When the King of France heard about it he said the missionaries sure knew what they were talking about. So he reached down into his own pocket and put up the money to buy an outfit of clothes for any girl who would go to the new country and marry one of the settlers. France wasn't in any too good shape itself in those days, so a lot of girls took him up on the proposition, figuring they didn't stand to lose much by leaving a country where mostly all the good-looking

young fellows were going away and getting killed right along in some war or other. Along with the clothes, the King bought each girl a chest to hold her outfit—so, when they landed in New Orleans, right away everybody commenced calling them "casket girls," or the way they put it in French, "filles de la cassette." From all I heard, they didn't have any trouble finding themselves husbands because there hadn't been near enough correction girls to go around.

So, from the start they had two kinds of women in New Orleans, the good ones and the ones who weren't so good, and it's been that way down there ever since.

They tell me there's a heap of people in Louisiana to this day who are right proud to claim they are descended from one of those casket girls—but I haven't heard anybody bragging about having one of those correction girls perched up near the top of the family tree.

Way back before the War Between the States they used to have a big dance every now and then down in New Orleans called the Quadroon Ball, and judging by what some of the old-time river men said about those parties, I reckon there never was anything like them anywhere else. A quadroon is somebody who is one-fourth Negro, and some of the quadroon girls in those days must have been real beauties. They were the children or grandchildren of slaves who had been freed or bought their freedom, and they were proud as all get-out. Their mammas wouldn't let them marry anybody who wasn't as white as they were, or even run around with a man who was all white unless he amounted to something.

A young fellow from one of the old Louisiana families wouldn't think of marrying a quadroon, but nobody minded if he picked one out and rented a little house for her on a side street, long as he was a bachelor, and I've heard that every once in a while some respectable married man would get away with it, too.

The pretty young quadroon girls would go to these balls with their mammas, and would parade around in their best bobs and tuckers. They wore mighty fine clothes, all kinds of silks, satins, laces and ribbons, and just about out-dressed everybody in that part of the country. They behaved just like they were in high society, and the gay young blades would bow and scrape, and then dance with them. And when some dandy took a liking to one of them he would go for her mamma and talk things over and, if the girl was willing, he would fix up a little house for her, and nobody paid any attention to what was going on. All the time the girl knew that when her man got ready to settle down he

(Continued on Page 18)

20 Hours on the phone to make a single scene...



Try Luckies When Your Throat is Tired and You'll See Why CONSTANCE BENNETT Prefers Them...



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2. "TALKING AND EXERCISING at the same time is quite a trick. It's also a real strain on the voice and throat. And as this scene required 'shots' from every possible angle—I spent about 20 hours 'on the phone' filming it. My throat was tired out, yet I could still enjoy...



3. "A LIGHT SMOKE—which means Luckies to me and to many others in Hollywood... Dick Powell and Joan Crawford—to mention just a few" (Luckies are a light smoke, easy on the throat... because the "Toasting" Process takes out certain irritants found in all tobacco.)



4. "THE CHANT OF THE TOBACCO AUCTIONEER is one of my favorite radio features. Whenever I hear it on Lucky Strike programs, it reminds me that better tobacco is bound to make a better cigarette." (Tobacco experts like Harry R. King unanimously agree on this point.)

Sworn Records Show That...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



5. HARRY R. KING of Durham, N. C. (above center) has bought 4,320,000 lbs. of tobacco for his own account. Like so many other independent tobacco experts, he smokes Luckies. Sworn records show that, among these experts, Luckies have over twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined. With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.



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Wednesday over NBC, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

"YOUR HIT PARADE"—the 10 hit songs of the week—Sat. over CBS, 10 p. m., E. S. T.

"YOUR NEWS PARADE" with Edwin C. Hill,
Mon. thru Fri. over CBS, 12:15 p. m., E. S. T.

"MELODY PUZZLES"—the new song game, Mon. over NBC, 8 p. m., E. S. T.

What You Look Like to Others



ROBERT BURNS, the Scottish poet, wrote many a true word, but few with more truth than his famous line: "O wad some Power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us. It wad frae monie a blunder free us!"

The British photographer

who took the amusing—and enlightening—series of pictures on this page probably had Bobby Burns' oft-quoted rhyme in mind when he posed a handsome young man as "ithers" see him.

In the eyes of the people who work for him, the fellow may, at times, look like a tyrant barking orders and forgetting to say a word of praise for jobs well done. To his intimate friends he is something else again, and their best remembered picture of him may be when he is crooking the elbow and tossing down a scotch and soda.

The three panels below illustrate as many other aspects of the subject—the brave and virtuous role that he plays in the eyes of his son, the perennial little boy that he always will be in the mind and heart of his mother, and the sappy figure he seems to his tailor—until he is fitted out with a new suit.

Quite different is the picture in the center of the page, which is intended to be a wife's-eye view of the subject. The implication is that, at the breakfast table, her spouse buries his face in the morning paper and shows her nothing much of himself but the top of his head and one hand manipulating a coffee cup.

With a high sense of humor the cameraman stripped his model to the waist and told him to strike a heroically masculine attitude to enact the fellow's idea of himself. In this Adams-like stance our hero looks out on the world with pose and deep-seated self-assurance.

After the amusing "character studies" appeared in a London newspaper there were many requests for copies of the pictures from wives who, apparently, wanted the photographs on hand to remind their husbands that they ought to give more thought to others.

TO HIS EMPLOYEES—A Man Sometimes Looks Like a Scowling Dictator Barking Orders

Refuses to be A Noble Lord

MANY a pebban may dream of living in class as a lord with a swing, but he knows in his heart that he hasn't got one chance in a million of ever managing it. Titles don't grow on trees—they usually are inherited and rarely come to the poor or even the middle class. But from Sydney, Australia, comes word that a man inheriting the title of Baronet and a 3,000-acre estate refused the entire package.

The disavowal of such an honor, which makes him the head of one of the largest and wealthiest families in all Wales, must, in the opinion of many, be some sort of joke. But such is not the case. George Cecil Morris doesn't want to be a noble lord and rejects all overtures that have been made to him to accept the role. The blunt old man, who is 65 years of age, says he can't be bothered that he wants to be left alone with his flowers.

The curious fact of the matter is that Morris has "run away from titles," as he puts it, for half a century. He left England 50 years ago in order to escape them. Perhaps he believed with the British poet, George Chapman, that if "become noblemen to do nothing well."

Whatever the basis, his objection to nobility hasn't brought him far. All these years he dodged all titles but now that his nephew Captain Morris has been trapped. He has to have him, if he wants a rest.

His avoidance of what, in the dream of millions is reasonable enough, everything considered. He's an old man now. If ever he had a reasonable excuse for declining the title of baronet, now would seem to be the time. But decline it as he may the title still remains.

His only satisfaction is that there is no law to make him use what has been wished on him. He may be a natural lord by lineage and success, but he's just plain master by choice.



Miss Mary Austin, of San Diego, California, Can't Seem to Get a Snarl Out of Timber of Barchester, a Bloodhound for Which an Offer of \$10,000 Recently Was Refused.

Germms Star in College Ceremony

THE ritual of putting things in cornucopias has, in recent years, been made more or less ridiculous by the use of such bizarre objects as boats and pelicans. But now, at the University of Notre Dame, the old convention has been applied to the use of science in a ceremony that stands unique, to say the least.

A crowd of professors and students attended the laying of the cornerstone, and watched with respectful silence while the new biology building was being dedicated, and the stone marker was lodged into place. In the concrete was buried a collection of deadly germs. Buried alive and sealed in glass test tubes, six cultures



TO HIS CHILDREN—He's as Brave and Noble as a Story-Book Knight. TO HIS MOTHER—He's Always Be an Adorable Little Boy. TO HIS TAILOR—He Looks Like This—Until He Orders a New Suit.



TO HIS WIFE—The Typical Young Business Man—at the Breakfast Table—is the Top of a Head Behind a Newspaper and a Hand Reaching for a Coffee Cup.



TO HIMSELF—Our Hero is, at Times, a Twentieth Century Adonis, Handsome, Intelligent and Strong.

TO HIS FRIENDS—The Same Man—Unless He's a Teetotaler—Often Presents This Picture.

Back Scratching Ends Divorce

"SCRATCH my back and I'll scratch yours" wrote Petronius the Roman satirist, in one of the earliest records of civilized behavior. But in the case of Anne B. Kreie, model and dancer, the gesture was not a favor, but an insult, not pleasure but pain. Instead of giving comfort and lessening an itch it caused anguish and nearly ruined her career.

For Mrs. Kreie, her back was her fortune—she juggled it and bared it and altogether made it an object of admiration and enthusiasm at the Casa Mann in Fort Worth, Texas, where she made her living by dancing. So badly was her back scratched up by William W. Kreie, her husband, she recently alleged in a suit for divorce, that she lost her job.

Judge Allen B. Hanes awarded her a divorce from her lacerating husband.



This Female Chimp, at the Ramsgate, England, Zoo, Seems to Believe She Is Gifted With a Talent for Making Music on the Harmonica.

Music Hath Charms—

MORE or less melodious sounds are frequently heard coming from the monkey house at the Ramsgate, England, zoo. To call these sounds music would, as one of the keepers recently remarked, be putting it on a bit thick. But there is no doubt that the animal making the noises—a female chimpanzee—does her best to emulate one of the attendants who is an expert harmonica player.

There is something in the old saying that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast because the chimp used to listen to the windy tunes the keeper blew on his mouth organ and sit quietly in a corner until the concert was over. From time to time she would turn her head and blink. Sometimes, with a strangely human expression on her face, she'd close her eyes.

One day the chimp reached out a leathery hand for the harmonica and the keeper let her have it. She turned it over and over, tried to play on the wrong side of the instrument, corrected the mistake and blew a wheezy chord.

From then on the animal was a disciple of the harmonica and spent a good deal of her time "playing" the gadget. She never has played a recognizable tune but one keeper swears that, by accident, she once blew the opening bar of "God Save the King."

Who knows the two other chimps in the same cage with the musically inclined ape try to take the harmonica away from her, but she won't give it up.

Windstorm an Expert Grafter

TREE surgeons, so clever they can produce cherries from peach trees and make a thousand other fantastic combinations bear fruit, have now found themselves outsmarted by Dame Nature herself. It was as if she had decided to show the wiscarees a thing or two at their own game, when a windstorm nine years ago blew at a walnut tree in the back yard of Duncan George of Ehrhardt, South Carolina, until it was actually gone with the wind.

What happened was that the walnut tree was blown right on top of a pear tree and was more or less neatly grafted. The freak two-in-one tree flourished and, to the astonishment of the owner, it began to bear a fruit which looked like a pear yet had a distinctly nutty flavor. Not only that, but when the fruit ripened it developed a shell like that of a walnut.

His strange harvest grows every year. Only recently reported it was being Doubting Thomas and sceptical farmers from all around Ehrhardt to have a look at Mr. George's tricky tree and taste its pranks fruit. They declare that, sure enough, it is all he claims it to be—a fruit nut and a nutty fruit in one.

Those who came to scoff and stayed to praise declare that Mr. George's unusual fruit is more than new to the eye. It's odd to look at, but delicious to eat, the wiscaree says. As a combination they find it mixes the best features of both its parents. There is even a possibility that the unconventional fruit will be commercialized.

Orcharding experts are said to be curious about the whole invention, which might be developed into a sort of fruit nut, that is, provided the grafting can be successfully copied.



DOESN'T
IT
LOOK

Delicious!



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Easily AFFORD

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Westinghouse

Electric ROASTER

Now every home within reach of electricity can enjoy clean, economical, time-saving electric cooking... for only \$22.95. This complete, portable 3 foot electric stove does practically every cooking job performed by any cooking device...

...yet may be carried anywhere, plugged in any electrical outlet. It roasts, bakes, stews, broils, grills, fries, toasts — is big enough to cook a full meal or 15 lb. turkey... yet uses no more current than a modern electric iron. And such delicious cooking results! Roasts meat perfectly, without "drying out" — the saving in meat shrinkage alone practically pays for the roaster. Bakes delicious cakes, cookies, pies, bread. Vegetables retain full flavor and rich beautiful food values.

Accurate "Adjust-o-matic" heat control. Extra large meal capacity. Handsome black and chrome finish. See the Westinghouse Roaster at your dealer's now, whenever you see the color illustration above on display.

Price of the Westinghouse De Luxe Adjust-o-matic Roaster Cooking around \$22.95 and Broiler-Grid add-on.

MAN...OH MAN!

WHAT DELICIOUS

Broiled Steaks



Thick juicy steaks, broiled to tempting, mouth-watering perfection — fried eggs, bacon, griddle cakes, toast. The exclusive Westinghouse BROILER-GRID prepares them all, attaches to the Roaster in a jiffy.



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MEAT-KEEPER

For the first time... a special place to keep meat! Conserves needed moisture at Safety Zone temperature! Keeps steaks, chops, roasts in prime condition for days longer! Only Westinghouse has it!

WOMEN TOLD US what they wanted! From 102 Proving Kitchens in homes like yours came... a new MEAT-KEEPER... a new glass-top HUMIDRAWER... new Super-capacity Froster... new Zoned Temperature Regulator. Result... new records of...

Kitchen-proved Savings LIKE THESE:

Get "PERSONAL PROOF"

You may have two in your family — you may have six or more! You may spend \$25 a month for food, or you may spend \$90 or more! You may be using ice refrigeration or a mechanical refrigerator that could be replaced for greater economy! In any case, the certified records of Kitchen-proved Savings from Westinghouse Proving Kitchens in homes like yours give you **PERSONAL PROOF** for your kind of a family and your monthly food budget.

1 Saves FOOD

Big food savings plus the low price of the 1938 Westinghouse make it your budget's best friend. \$1.07 on leftovers, \$1.03 on quantity buying... these weekly average savings in 102 Proving Kitchens amount to \$9.10 A MONTH

Kitchen-proved

2 Saves TIME

Ice cubes in 56 minutes! That's average fastest time in 102 Proving Kitchens! Frozen desserts in 65 minutes! And a whole week's food shopping in one or two trips to the store! With Westinghouse Kitchen-proved food storage...

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3 Saves MONEY

Operating cost amazingly low! Average, 63 cents a week less than previous methods of refrigeration in 102 Proving Kitchens! Only 4/5 of a kilowatt-hour daily average!

10 HOURS OUT OF 12 IT USES NO CURRENT AT ALL

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COOK FAST
COOK BETTER
SAVE MONEY

Best results, least effort, amazing economy PROVED in 102 home test kitchens! Put a beautiful Westinghouse Range in YOUR kitchen — enjoy its time and work-saving convenience — profit by its amazing economy. There are 9 popular-priced models. See your dealer.

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4-HEAT COROX ECONOMIZER

The right heat for every cooking operation, including a super economical "summer" heat. This exclusive fourth heat uses 66% less current than "low" or ordinary units. One-piece solid top — wipe it with a damp cloth and it's clean!

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"Roasts always 'done to a T' evenly broiled, sautéed, more tender," say Proving Kitchen reports. Radiance Heat Economizer perfect baking and roasting. Top heat broils perfectly, sears — instantly — ends steaming, stewing.

6 out of 10 users say "I wash and iron in less than a day"*

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You can have 52 extra days of leisure every year. And easier work!

The new Westinghouse De Luxe Washer will do an average size washing in less than an hour... a Westinghouse Ironer will save up to half a day, and 90% effort.

These are facts. Proved in homes like yours, under everyday laundering conditions.

*Based on Westinghouse User survey.

Westinghouse *Home-proved* **LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT**

SEE YOUR NEAREST WESTINGHOUSE DEALER

**EVERY
HOUSE
NEEDS**

Westinghouse



"OLD MAN RIVER" By Captain Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)

would leave her and marry some body in his own crowd, but because she was a quadroon that was something she would just have to put up with, no matter how sad it made her. The man would see that she was taken care of because men like that mostly always had plenty of money in those days and were pretty free with it.

If she had any daughters, she would watch over them like an old mother hen with her chicks and raise them up to have fine manners, just like her mother had done with her. Then, when they were around sixteen she would send them to a Quadroon High School, which was the kind of school that was run by the kind of people that she was that age. If she had any sons they were mostly always sent over to Europe to be educated with their papa paying for it, and a lot of them never came back. Sometimes the ones who came back married quadroon girls who had once been living in those little houses on old streets.

I used to hear a lot of stories about what went on in New Orleans during the War Between the States, but the one that takes the cake is about Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, who ruled the road down there for a while after the Northerners captured the city. Not many men ever got themselves hated as much as he was.

Because he was a General with a lot of gold braid sewed on his uniform he figured the quality folks were going to follow themselves, so he invited him to dinner and giving him parties. So he came riding into town all set to be a shining light in society, but he sure did make a mistake about

that. Those hot-blooded Southerners wouldn't have anything to do with him. They wouldn't even look at him let alone speak to him. That made him stomping mad. Then his officers commenced to trotting to him and telling him that every time a Northern soldier passed a Southern lady on the street, she would pull aside her skirts like she was trying to keep from brushing against something dirty, and all kinds of things like that. At last the General, being high, wild and handsome,

He issued an order that made Southerners just about froth at the mouth, and get him in dutch with a lot of people up North too, as well as some in England where somebody got up in Parliament and made a speech about it. In that order, General Butler laid down the law that any woman in New Orleans who did anything or said anything to show she despised a Yankee soldier could be treated like a loose woman of the streets. At a soldier had to do as was said or be thrown into a dirty old jail and maybe have to pay a fine on top of that.

But pretty soon the Rebels down there had the laugh on that high and mighty General, and here's the way some of them told me it happened. The General was sitting up in a stand one day with his wife, reviewing troops when up drove a fine carriage with a gold-looking woman in it, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes. But what got the General was the horse. Maybe he didn't know much about Southern ladies, but he did know horses, and these were about as pretty a

span as he ever saw. So right away he figured whoever owned them must be sure enough quality. Pretty soon the lady smiled at him and he smiled right back at her. So they say the General jumped at this chance to break into New Orleans society at last and came down from the stand, with his hat in his hand, paying the lady compliments about her horse. Then she held out her hand.

"It's such a lovely evening," she said, "I was just taking a drive around the city, and I was wondering if you and Mrs. Butler would care to join me."

"Why, we certainly would," the General said. "We'd be honored."

And away they went one sitting on one side of her and one on the other, as the carriage rolled around the town, where everybody who amounted to anything could get a good look.

Some folks say the lady invited them to her house for a glass of sherry. But, anyway, the story goes that next day the General found out everybody was laughing at him, and that the lady who took him to ride was right up at the top all right, but the top of the sporting element. They say she ran one of the highest priced places in the town and the only victors in the habit of calling on her and her girls were men with a lot of money in their pockets.

I reckon the most highfalutin times they ever had in New Orleans were when the carpet baggers and scallawags were running the town during the post-Civil War days. The carpetbaggers were racials who went down there after the war, totting everything they owned in carpetbags, and then got into politics and business, grabbing off every-

thing they could get their hands on, and the scallawags were the down Southerners who turned against their own people and took up with the carpetbaggers. So they could line their pockets too.

Ordinary laborers couldn't make any more than two dollars a day, and a lot of poor folks had a hard time getting enough to eat. But the racials who had a stanchion on the town got away with so much money they didn't know what to do with it, and naturally they spent a heap of it on liquor and women.

The crooked politicians were in cahoots with some of those women, and put up the cash for them to build houses that were regular palaces, some of them with marble fronts. From all I heard, I reckon about the showiest place in New Orleans was run by Kate Townsend, who was once a mighty good-looking girl, but later on she took to eating and drinking so much she weighed around 300 pounds but she got what was coming to her.

The way I heard it, Kate was a barmaid somewhere in England, where she took up with a sailor after saving his life one night by knocking out a couple of rowdy fellows drunk and when they were just about to poison him off with their knives. She and this sailor used to make a living getting fellows drunk and selling them, but one night there was a fight and I reckon somebody must have been hurt, because Kate skipped out and came over to New Orleans.

That was just the place for a hussy, and she was right up at the top, running this house of her own. Everybody was sure she was flashy, and must have got somebody back at least a couple of hundred thousand dollars, counting all the big cash she had in it, such as lace curtains and red plush furniture, looking-glasses as big as a man's head, and then got into politics and business, grabbing off every-

Kate made a name for herself by the way she put on the gowns, and everything about her place had to be refined. Every night the girls would dress up like they were going to a big shindig, and if anybody got rowdy Kate would throw them right out into the street. The first time a man went there, Kate would meet him in her own parlor, and ask him a lot of questions about himself, who he was and what he did, and who he knew that she knew, and all kinds of questions like that. If she didn't like the way he answered them, she'd say she was sorry but she reckoned he had come to the wrong place, and that's all there was to it. But if he passed muster, she'd show him into the main parlor and call in her girls. Then she'd take him around and he'd shake hands with everybody, just like it was a high-toned reception party. After that, the man had to buy everybody a glass of champagne.

Kate was riding high in those days, but don't anything last in this world, and after a while the carpetbaggers and the scallawags got hooked on her. The easy money and the big cash, and the rolling in, and Kate had to stop being so choosy. She had to let the bars down and I reckon that must have got under her skin because she commenced to drinking like a fish and getting mean. That was when she took on weight like she looked like the fat woman in a circus.

But even then she always had some man on the string, and for quite a while she kept a fellow in her house named Trouville Sykes, who was supposed to be her bookkeeper. Every so often she used to haul off and beat the tar out of him.

One night she got liquored up and started ranting around the town, telling everybody she was going to rip him wide open with a knife. When she got home she called Sykes into her room and locked the door.

Everybody in the house could hear her yelling her head off and slamming things around, but nobody could get into her room, and it sure did look like poor old Sykes's room was cooked. Then everything quieted down and pretty soon the door was unlocked.

But it wasn't Kate who came out. It was Sykes. He had a bowie knife in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, and his clothes were all red with blood on him. But Kate was lying on the floor, dead as a door nail. I heard they gave her a mighty pretty funeral. They got her a coffin with silver handles and put white silk covers over all the red plush chairs and sofas because they figured they didn't look just right the way they were, and everybody who came to the funeral got free champagne.

Everybody must have figured Sykes just had to kill her to save his own skin because they let him go, and then he came out with a

will showing she had left him all her money. There was supposed to be quite a lot of it, but all some-body started a fight to keep him from getting it, and by the time the lawyers finished squabbling over it I don't reckon Sykes got any more than enough to buy himself a new suit of clothes.

Fanny Sweet was another one of the women everybody used to talk about. Fanny was always bragging about how she came from a good family in England but I guess the truth of it is she was away from home some time North with some young fellow who promised to marry her, and then left her high and dry after she got down to New Orleans. Anyway, she turned up down there and in a few years she had a place of her own and people were saying she had poisoned three or four men.

But she kept on running her place, and then one day a rich widower named Stephens, who had two children, and who happened to live way up at the other end of the same street, started going around trying to get up some money to have the street fixed. He was a straight-laced fellow and didn't know anything about Fanny, so just as a joke somebody told him he ought to call at her house and ask her to chip in.

Nobody ever accused Fanny of being good-looking in those days, and what he saw in her is more than anybody could ever figure out. But the minute Fanny opened the door Mr. Stephens fell right off the Christmas tree, and she had him.

Fanny shut down her house and moved over to his home, but she had to do something to keep people from finding out who she was. So she cut off her hair and dressed up like a boy, and everywhere Stephens went he took her with him, telling folks she was his nephew. They kept on like that for quite a while, without anybody getting on to it.

Then Stephens set out for Mexico on a business trip, taking Fanny with him, but he never got there. All of a sudden down



"A Sucker Getting the Works in a New Orleans Dance Hall." Illustration in the Famous "Louisiana Waco," Magazine of the "Tenderloin"

Texas he commenced to having fits and died before the doctor could find out what was the matter with him. Maybe she poisoned him and maybe she didn't, but they never could prove anything so they had to let her go.

I reckon about the only other woman who ever got up in the same class with Fanny Sweet and Kate Townsend was Hattie Hamilton, who made quite a name for herself after she met State Senator James D. Beasly, who was a member of the carpet-bagger legislature. Before Beasly took a shine to her, nobody knew much about her, but he had money to burn and soon after he met her he put up the cash for her to open up a house of her own.

After she got it started and had everything going smooth, she left somebody to look after it and spent most of her time over at the Senator's house, and another part of the town, setting herself up as his wife. Both of them were heavy drinkers and for years they used to go on regular binges together, mostly always

winding up with a knock-down, drag-out fight.

But one morning the people next door heard more commotion than usual, and right after that a shot was fired. When the police got there, the gas was shut off and there wasn't a light in the house. They never did find the pistol. But the Senator was stretched out on the parlor floor with a bullet hole in his chest.

The Negro butler said he didn't know anything about it, but they tried to lay the blame on him just the same. Then Hattie said the Senator got to rampancing around with a gun in his hand and when she tried to take it away from him it went off.

They arrested both of them but nobody ever did figure out just what happened, so they turned them loose. After that, the old crowd didn't have much use for Hattie, and she kept slipping lower and lower until she finally dropped out of sight, and I don't know what finally happened to her.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday).

HOME... the DANGER SPOT



EACH year 5,000,000 people are injured in accidents in the home. For each person injured in a motor vehicle accident four are injured in the home. Falls and burns—both largely preventable—are the leading causes.

Climbing on chairs or boxes; stumbling over a sweeper, mop or toy left on a stairway; careless handling of a kettle; matches left within the reach of young children; are some of the many threats to safety in the home.

You will reduce the chances of an accident in your home if you seek out and correct dangerous conditions and unsafe practices. Forethought in making your home safer may save you days of regret.

The Metropolitan booklet "How Safe Is Home?" has pictures of various rooms in the house, showing where many different kinds of accidents occur, how they are caused and how to prevent them. It draws attention to conditions which, when cleared up, will make homes safer.

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The speed with which Bayer tablets act in relieving the discomfort of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing. . . and the treatment simple and pleasant. This is all you do.

Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets internally, with a full glass of water, then crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one third glass of water. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anes-

thetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases promptly; rawness is relieved.

And—when you use this Bayer Aspirin treatment you are acting on medical experience.

For, instead of unknown remedies you are using a remedy known to doctors throughout the world—a daily stand-by in millions of families.

Use this way regularly to cure the pain of sore throat accompanying a cold. We believe your doctor will approve

it. You will say it is remarkable. . . When you buy, see that you get genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name "Bayer Aspirin"—not the name "aspirin" alone.

If temperature does not go down—if throat pains and aches are not quickly relieved—call your family doctor.

15¢





How To Shampoo Blonde Hair to Keep It Golden and Lustrous

Blonde hair requires special care if you would preserve its lovely golden hue from the most distressing light hair dye or color wash. To keep your hair shining and soft, wash with New Blonde Shampoo. New Blonde Shampoo and Special Rinse can be used every morning or at night as desired. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter longer, gleaming with fascinating luster, glossy and soft. New Blonde Rinse. New conditioner—New Shampoo, with greater moisture at all times.

No Brushing! NEW EASY WAY TO CLEAN THEM

Put plates and bridges on after with a little water. Klean-Kleen will do the cleaning. No powder—developed by dentists to clean false teeth without brushing. Cleans crevices brushing doesn't reach. Safe thorough. Daily use removes stains, tartar, film and tartar. Made by the makers of State. Klean-Kleen. Get State Klean-Kleen. Your dentist will give you a free trial. Klean-Kleen. Write to: Klean-Kleen Co., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

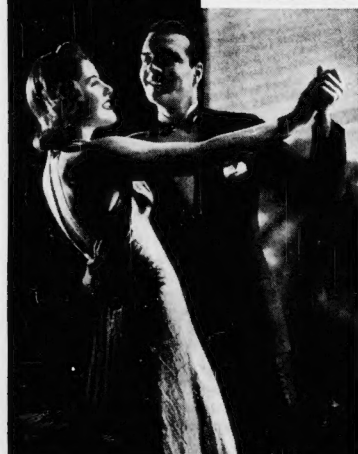


STERE-KLEEN
CLEANS TEETH WITHOUT BRUSHING

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it

The Calendar said "GIVE IN!"

MIDOL said—"GO ON!"



Do you feel miserable certain days of every month? Do you will give in to such suffering, letting those around you sense what's wrong?

Doctors have discovered that severe or prolonged periodical functional pain is not natural to most women. And thousands of women now know it isn't necessary. So—don't live in dated dread of pain, or let the calendar regulate your activities. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can help you.

Most women who try Midol find it permits them to go through the days of menstruation physically and mentally carefree. Midol is offered for this sole purpose. It acts quickly. In all but unusual instances it brings definite relief. Many women declare they have no pain at all—or even discomfort—since they learned to rely on the help of Midol.

Get Midol, and "be yourself." Instead of favoring yourself, saving yourself, let Midol take care of the pain. Two tablets should be taken through your day. Drugstore have Midol on the counter. Handy purse-size tin, 50¢—and will work it when periodic suffering must be relieved.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Bananas with Orange Juice Cereal Cheese Bread Marmalade Milk or Coffee Lunch Tuna Salad Pasta Baking-Powder Biscuits Mixed Pickles Cabbage and Apple Salad Lemon Cookies Dinner Fruit Juice Coke Pasta Lamb Chops Duchess Potatoes Glazed Carrots Green Beans Chicken Cabbage Salad French Dressing Canned Fruit with Soft Custard Sauce	Breakfast Peanut Crisp-Meat Mush Syrup Bacon Toast Lunch Lemon Chicken Port and Celery Casseroles Fruit Muffins Raw Carrot Salad Dinner Swedish Coke Pasta Oysters a la King as Gratin French-Fried Potatoes Broccoli with Lemon Fruit Gelatin with Cream Date Bars	Breakfast Steamed Fruit Whole-Corn Cereal Poached Eggs Toasted Muffins Coffee Substitute Lunch Black Bean Corn-Bread Casseroles Tapioca Fruit Cup Cherry Cheese Tarts Dinner Dried Beef Broiled Cube Steaks with Creamed Potatoes Sauces Baked Potatoes French-Fried Green Onions Salad Plate Sour Milk Gingerbread with Exposited Milk Sauce	Breakfast Canned Peaches Whole-Corn Hot Cross Buns Butter Coffee Lunch Italian Style Casseroles Cakes Relish Shredded Pineapple Chocolate Oatmeal Coffee Submarine Dinner Vegetable Coke Pan-Fried Fish Lemon Caps Canned Potatoes Applesauce and Butter Sauce Salad Dressing Walnut Torte	Breakfast Orange Juice Whole-Corn French Toast Marmalade Milk or Coffee Lunch Baked Beans Casseroles Fruit Brown Breads Fruit Salad Tea Dinner Oatmeal Emergency Soup (Leftovers) Braised Liver Browned Hull Caps Coffee Supper Chicken Lettuce Sandwiches Stuffed Potatoes Fruit Gelatin Cocoa or Hot Fruit Pie	Breakfast Sliced Pineapple Coke Bacon Raw Potato Pancakes Coffee Dinner Sautéed Coke Mock Duck Savory Stuffing Brown Gravy Fruit Gelatin Buttered Cauliflower or Brussels Sprouts Mini Jelly Coke Braised Liver Hull Caps Coffee Supper Chicken Lettuce Sandwiches Stuffed Potatoes Fruit Gelatin Cocoa or Hot Fruit Pie	Breakfast Sliced Pineapple Coke Bacon Raw Potato Pancakes Coffee Dinner Sautéed Coke Mock Duck Savory Stuffing Brown Gravy Fruit Gelatin Buttered Cauliflower or Brussels Sprouts Mini Jelly Coke Braised Liver Hull Caps Coffee Supper Chicken Lettuce Sandwiches Stuffed Potatoes Fruit Gelatin Cocoa or Hot Fruit Pie

Dine on Rabbit

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A recent popular cartoon, a wife asks her husband to make the familiar comment, "What shall we have for dinner tonight, John?" To which he replies that "tiger's tendons, scalloped snail, or elephant roast" would be just about right.

To countless women, the daily search for a new meat or new ways to prepare old or familiar meats, never seems to end. In deed, they too with their butcher's counter covered with stacks, the makings of canoway cake, aserole, or perhaps a porcupine pot-roast. No one who does not have to do it day-in-and-day-out realizes what a genuine problem it is, to select meats which are nourishing, tasty and economical, and yet bring novelty into the menu.

But in all such search for the possibility of a wider menu, if we could utilize the catch and "bag" of the tropical fisherman or the Arctic explorer, have not many of us failed to see the good points of a too-little-used but familiar food animal, namely rabbit?

In these good old rugged frontier days referred to so often and with so much sentiment, it was all in the day's work to have Mr. Pioneer or his sons take a walk in the wood and return with a brace of rabbit along over the shoulder.

How many tales of romantic England also have been based on the complications built around Bob the poacher? For his pretty daughter, loved by the hero. For poaching was the irregular shooting of rabbits and other game on the estates of wealth; and every gypsy was suspected of having a rabbit at the bottom of the savory pot from which such delicious but

unlawful odors arose. Rabbit, then, was the game or food animal well worth considerable effort to trap or shoot, because of its rich dark meat and attendant savory gravy.

While pioneer days are long gone by, and the modern refrigerator system has replaced casual food-catching and has made fresh meat available at all seasons, there is still no reason to season is on, and enjoy gypsy fare? Gypsies are, by the way, always superb cooks with limited materials, and it is quite probable that from them originated the unusual Rumpsteak and Hungarian specialties which so delight the epicure.

Our common or jack-rabbit, its butcher leg (drumstick), mule and well developed from its jumping habit, make the best eating with the racks, ribs, neck, and all parts providing unusual dark extractive grays or broth. Being exclusively a vegetarian, like the cow and sheep, the rabbit has flesh which

is clean, pure and lean rather than fat.

However, it is recommended by health authorities that rabbits are best cleaned with rubber gloves and a stiff brush to use while removing entrails from any animal, and that the flesh always be subjected to high heat to destroy any possible germs such as frequent many types of animals including quail, partridge and even sheep. But since our butcher is usually willing to dress all meats, removing skin, waste, to give it much more value than the low price at which a pair of rabbits are usually sold. So why not make a rabbit dish now, while the rabbit is on, and enjoy gypsy fare? Gypsies are, by the way, always superb cooks with limited materials, and it is quite probable that from them originated the unusual Rumpsteak and Hungarian specialties which so delight the epicure.

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Spicy Rabbit Dishes

Hauspfeffer ("Peppered Hare").

1. Soak disjointed pieces in vinegar 8 hours. Drain, dry and season. Roll in flour and brown in hot bacon or pork fat. Remove pieces to casserole together with 1 chopped carrot, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 chopped onions and water to cover, salt, pepper and 1/4 bay leaf. Simmer about 2 hours until tender. Remove meat, thicken gravy and to it add 1 small glass currant jelly just before serving.

2. Wash all joints, the split head, heart, liver and lungs and put into a stone crock and cover with vinegar. Turn every day for 3 days. Remove meat, roll in flour and brown in hot fat or butter. Remove meat to casserole, and to gravy add flour, 1 bay leaf, salt, and plenty of freshly-ground black pepper. Cover meat with gravy and bake or cook slowly until meat is tender but not fat in pieces. Just before serving, add 1 small glass currant to gravy. Gravy should have a spicy sweet-sour taste and not be too thick. Serve with dumplings or boiled potatoes.

3. Cover disjointed rabbit in crock with vinegar to which is added 2 sliced onions, 1 tablespoon mustard seed, 8 whole cloves, 3 bay leaves, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon fresh black pepper. Let stand 2 days. Remove meat, roll in flour and fry in hot fat. Strain vinegar, add to meat, gray and thicken sufficiently. Cover and cook in casserole until meat is tender. Serve with potato dumplings.

English "Jugged Hare" (or Rabbit): Fry the disjointed pieces in 2 hare or rabbits in smoking fat until browned. In a large earthenware jar, place as follows: One chopped carrot, 2 chopped onions, 1 small minced white turnip, 2 stalks chopped celery, spray parsnip, piece of lemon, 2 alewives, 1 clove 1 bay leaf, salt, pepper. Fill jar with boiling stock and in this place the sautéed pieces of meat. Cover, and simmer 2 hours (this would have to be a "fire-proof" crock). Remove meat when tender and keep hot. To the sauce in pot, add tablespoon, each, red currant jelly, Worcestershire sauce and mushroom catsup, lemon juice,

gravy, mac, and sufficient flour to make a thin gravy. Pour over meat and serve at once.

Steamed or Casserole Rabbit: Have cut into sections, mule and roll in flour. Fry in hot bacon fat until nicely brown on all sides. Remove meat to casserole and add 2 cups tomato juice, 1 cup minced onions, salt, pepper, grains nutmeg, and water or bouillon to cover. Cook slowly until meat is tender. Have 1 1/2 to 2 cups rice boiled or steamed separately until dry and tender. Serve meat in center of border of rice, and pass gravy separately.

Steamed Young Rabbit (French): Two rabbits, disjointed, washed, wiped, etc. Brown in hot bacon fat. Place in casserole or pan together with equal quantities of stock and white wine, salt, pepper, and bunch of herbs (thyme, sage, etc.). Simmer 30 minutes. Add 2 cups parboiled mushrooms, and simmer a few minutes longer. Remove herbs, and serve.

Wild Rabbits (French): Proceed as for general recipe. Dress with flour, fry in ham fat. Then place in saucpan with white wine, stock, sliced onions and potatoes. Parsley. Simmer until tender.

Clendenin Ryan's Titled "Gold Digger" Hits the Top

(Continued from Page 3)

Countess got from Count Palffy is not known, but it was reported to be in the "break-latching" business.

The Esterhazy men, however, are not impressed by money or by anything else except attractive young women. It is said that is the reason none of them nowadays bears the slightest resemblance to that hideous ancestor, Attila the Hun—since they have always been able to pick the prettiest women in the realm for their wives.

One of Tommie's ancestors waged such a successful war against the Turks that the Emperor gave him the right to coin

money and confer titles of nobility. Another one went to a fancy dress ball one time wearing a priceless Rembrandt painting. Napoleon offered to make him another one King of Hungary, but he turned it down, on the grounds that he got from Count Clendenin Ryan could add to the glory of his family.

After all of her experiences and the knowledge she has accumulated about men, if Marie Anne should still be bashful when—and if—Prince Esterhazy marries her, she can console herself with the happy thought that his ancestral castle has so many rooms that both he and she can sleep in a different one and a separate one every night in the year, if they want to.

American Weekly Patterns



PROCKS—GAY AS SPRING: Pattern 3828—HERE'S A COTTAGE PROCK THAT WILL KEEP YOU SPRUCE ALL DAY. NOTE ITS POINTED-UP WAISTLINE AND FLARED SKIRT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric.

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